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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

Editor

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP YEAR

BECAUSE 1916 is divisible by four we have with us that calendrick curiosity, leap-year, which arrives every fourth year. Its coming is in this wise: In ordinary years the day of the month which falls on Monday one year will change to Tuesday the year following, Wednesday the third year, but in the fourth will leap to Friday, by adding a day to February. Thus, February 28, 1914, fell on Sunday, this year it is Monday while Tuesday catches the extra day that the fourth year has provided by the "leaping" process. The Romans were wont to "make even" by counting February 24 twice; they called it "dies bissextus," the sextile or sixth day before March 1. This day being reckoned twice (bis) in leap-year was known as annus bissextus. As to the right of the maid to propose marriage to the man of her choice this bissextile year, presumably, the custom or tradition dates back to 1228 (a leap-year) when by an act of the Scottish parliament it was ordained that every maid, of high or low estate, had liberty to speak to the man she liked. If he refused he was to be mulcted in the sum of one hundred pounds, according to his worldly goods, unless he could prove that he was betrothed to another woman, in which case, he was immune. This was in the reign of her blessed majesty, Margaret, and, doubtless, was a delicate tribute to the Scottish queen. There is no such penalty imposed nowadays, but then our modern maids have such speaking eyes that they can compel a bachelor to "pop" the question willy nilly, without sacrificing the conventions in the least. Hence this year, of all others, the eligible bachelor would better be wary of facing a battery of bright eyes, unless he is proof against witchery.

GOVERNOR'S POSITION NOT ILLOGICAL

GOVERNOR Johnson is justified in referring in scathing terms to his newspaper critics, who are scolding him for calling a special session of the legislature to cure the defect in the election laws, reminding us as we are of their original insistence on such a course. But with a determination to discredit the governor before the people his political opponents bedamn him "an he will or he won't." It is poor policy, since it is reflective of anything but fair play, hence is certain to prove a boomerang. As we have shown, of the three nonpartisan laws passed by the last legislature, one remains on the statute books, the other two having been rejected at a referendum election last October. But while the vote revealed a decided disinclination against abolishing parties in the state government, and for a retention of the 1913 election law practice, the nonpartisan registration law, through the oversight or stupidity of those responsible for the referendum agitation, was unheeded and remains to bedevil the party politicians and, perhaps, nullify the wishes of the people. We say, perhaps, for the vote last fall indicated beyond a reasonable doubt that the party affiliation was desired by a majority of the voters who believed they were effectually accomplishing that end. But the governor would amend the election laws as his message indicates, by having party declarations apply only at the primary, thus leaving the nonpartisan registration intact. He has, possibly, just ground for his assumption that the people had no desire to make a change in this particular and we can see ample reasons for that belief. Many a voter would like to be untrammelled until he (or she) reaches the primary when his (or her) vote would be cast, in state elections

particularly, for the individual of most appealing force, ability and fitness for the office, rather than for the party aspirant to which his (or her) registration compelled a declaration. So far as the presidential preference primary law is concerned it provides for party affiliation at the primary only. The governor's course, therefore, is neither radical nor illogical and we cannot, conscientiously, find cause to repudiate it. But the proposal to take over the California state building at the exposition grounds, for use as a normal school, does not strike us as a wise measure. It is a flimsy structure, of staff and lath, in no sense intended by its architect as a permanent structure and cannot, possibly, last more than three or four years. The site will cost \$300,000, the estimated cost of reconstruction as much more. But the latter estimate is too low. To make of it a stable building for the purpose noted will entail a far heavier outlay, so expert architects affirm. The project is not one having economic appeal and should be rejected.

ALTERNATIVE OFFERED BY ROOSEVELT

WITH Munsterberg impliedly advocating the nomination and election of Theodore Roosevelt as President and the Colonel warning the Republican party that it must name a candidate who is strong on preparedness or he will throw his support to Wilson, what is a poor party to do but turn to Dr. Munsterberg's choice in order to stay his impetuosity in the wrong direction? Nor is this a fanciful suggestion. We find the New Republic announcing that the Colonel is the man to be reckoned with, whose positivism in contradistinction to Mr. Wilson's negativeness makes him the logical opponent of the occupant of the White House. Theodore Roosevelt, as all know, is bitterly opposed to the Wilson policies, particularly in regard to Mexico and our foreign relations generally. But a study of his several indictments reveals only one that is worthy of serious consideration, the failure of the administration to protest against the first violation of neutral rights—the invasion of Belgium. However, in that respect the country was equally culpable, for public opinion halted until the psychological moment had passed. Mr. Roosevelt, it is stated, is not stirring a hand to gain the nomination, which may be true; but his voice, his semi-public utterances would seem to indicate a desire for first-page space. It is a noticeable fact that the doughty Colonel has so shaped his opinions that they are, on the main issues, the antithesis of those commonly attributed to Wilson. Here, then, are the opposing leaders and the question cleverly propounded by the Colonel is: Shall the country indorse the Democratic leader and his negations that insure peace or shall the people choose that aggressive American, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, whose preconvention pronouncements, at least, indicate that he would stop certain practices or involve the United States in war?

ILLOGICAL REMARKS IN THE SENATE

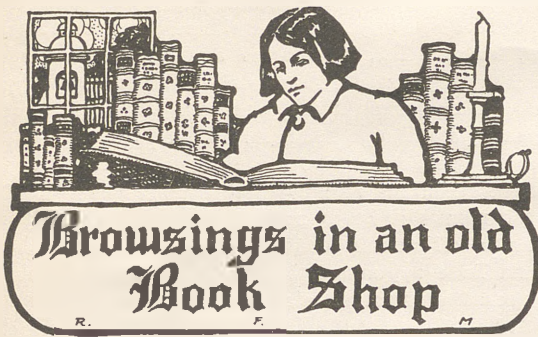
LOGIC is not one of Senator Works' striking oratorical attributes. This was forcibly demonstrated in the senate chamber at Washington, Wednesday, when he rose to inveigh against what he chose to term the "hypocritical neutrality" of the United States government. After arraighing the administration for being "morally responsible for the loss of life on the Lusitania," by a failure to interdict Americans taking passage on ships of belligerent nations, he made a strong appeal for an embargo on the exportation of arms and ammunition to the allies, asserting that we had made ourselves a party to the war by furnishing aid to one side of the controversy only. "We are not neutral; we are hypocritical in claiming that we are neutral," he charged. Yet when he was confronted by the statement that this country had floated a twenty-five million dollar loan for Germany early in the war and had furnished that country with munitions until her ports were closed by the blockade, he did not refute it but placed the onus on the government for permitting such traffic. Doubtless, Senator Works means well; he places the loss of human life above the loss of trade in commodities, but, surely, he must see that in nowise could this government be more unneutral than by stopping the sales of munitions of war to the allies. That would be tantamount to a hard-and-fast alliance with the Central Powers, whose preparedness precipitated

the conflict he deplores and whose physical ability to manufacture their own arms and ammunition render them in large measure independent of foreign supplies. Place an embargo on our munitions and we declare for Germany's ultimate triumph. That is so self-evident that it requires no elaboration in proof. If the senator had confined his animadversions to a censure of the government's right to protest against the invasion of Belgium all neutral countries and all neutral peoples would have applauded, but neither his voice nor that of the administration, alas, was so raised. As for the point he makes about interdicting passage on belligerent ships it must not be forgotten that Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, all neutral countries, have lost heavily of their merchant marine through the unfortunate activities of the belligerents, principally German, however. Senator Works would do well to remember that the issue at this time is not whether or not Great Britain or Germany shall emerge triumphant from the present titanic struggle, but whether the principles of democracy or autocratic militarism shall survive. The United States government has proved its neutrality, but of the sympathies of ninety per cent of the citizens of the American republic, who can doubt to which side they turn and why?

CIVIC FOLLY PROPOSED AND THE REMEDY

PRESENTLY, city taxpayers will be invited to indorse a proposal whereby they will have to pay their proportion of an early bond issue of \$3,600,000 for flood control, to be followed, ultimately, by other bond issues for a like purpose, amounting in all, it is estimated, to \$16,000,000. The object is meritorious and should receive hearty endorsement, but there is a limit to human endurance of tax burdens. In addition to the excellent flood control undertaking, the city taxpayer is now confronting a piece of folly that the city council and the water board seem bent upon perpetrating. This exhibit of unwisdom is the proposed paralleling of the distributing equipment of the three electric light systems of the city, which means the entering upon an era of economic waste that is wholly unjustifiable. We ask every thoughtful citizen to ponder these indisputable facts: Admirable service is given by the quasi-public utility companies involved, and at a cost far lower than that enjoyed by most of the large cities of the country. The rate is now fixed by the state railroad commission at 5½ cents for electric light. How much cheaper can or will the proposed municipal plant furnish the current? Possibly, in five or ten years at five cents. We say, possibly, for it is not yet demonstrable that fixed charges and interest on the investment required to cover the territory adequately will be yielded by the lower rate named. However, if it can do as outlined we have ever the state railroad commission zealously guarding the people's rights and ready to lower the price whenever it can do so without working injustice to the vested interests. Yet to get this dubious one-half cent, it is proposed to spend millions of the people's money in placing a fourth company in a field already well occupied and where excellent service is given. Is this wise finance? It is good judgment? Is it sound sense? We fail to find any or either lurking in such a plan. Even were the city to succeed, after spending millions, in reducing the price to consumers of half a cent from the present price, it would be at the cost of crippling corporations employing thousands of men and whose advent here and faith in the future of Los Angeles have brought many millions of dollars to the city. What an object lesson to other capitalists examining this field with a view to investment! The corporations that have helped us grow, that have complied with all regulations and requirements looking to permanency of occupation, ousted by the municipality that has prospered by their endeavors! Elsewhere, the state railroad commission inhibits the advent of a new company in a territory already well served and whose economic status would be disturbed by such invasion. Why not in this instance? That, however, is not the immediate concern of our people. What they need to consider is the economic waste impending, the unnecessary outlay of public moneys to gain an end already attained for them by private companies, working under state supervision. The sensible, economic plan of procedure

for the city is to devote the funds derived from the sale of bonds to the building of power plants, developing all the current possible and selling it at a wholesale rate to the three electrical companies, at a price fixed by the seller. The purchasers will then retail it to the consumers at a rate named by the state railroad commission. In this way a large income is assured to the city, the taxes are not unduly augmented and funds urgently needed for flood control and other purposes are forthcoming. Can there be any question as to the saner mode of procedure?



NOT long ago I had occasion to refer to Isaac Walton's life of Bishop Sanderson, in calling attention to the resemblance I found in the bishop's distinguished descendant Cobden-Sanderson to his seventeenth century forbear. My mind works along suggestions of this nature, hence I found myself looking for a volume of Walton's "Lives" and lo, I am rewarded by finding a really beautiful copy from the Chiswick Press in foolscap folio. It is a noble book, of a high standard of workmanship, the type clear and comely, the paper of a fine quality, the binding in linen boards and with the title page and a series of initial letters designed by D. Clayton Calthrop. There are six excellent portraits in photogravure. The frontispiece is that of the author, Isaac Walton; others are of Doctor John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, knight, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert and Bishop Robert Sanderson. A goodly list. This literary treasure is edited by Mr. George Sampson from the edition of 1675, which, doubtless, was seen through the press by the old Angler himself, since he lived until 1683, dying at the age of ninety.

I have always been interested in the quaint reason given by Isaac Walton for his writing the life of Dr. John Donne, dean of St. Paul's. The author has explained that it was the intention of Sir Henry Wotton, "that great master of language and art, the late provost of Eaton college," to arrange for the publication of the dean's sermons, prefaced by a life, which he would write, his long friendship with Dr. Donne rendering him peculiarly fitted for the task. Sir Henry imparted his design to Walton, enlisting his aid in the work of preparation, "not doubting but my knowledge of the author [of the sermons] and love to his memory, might make my diligence useful. I did most gladly undertake the employment, and continued it with great content, till I had made my collection ready to be augmented and completed by his matchless pen; but then death prevented his intentions." Learning that the sermons were to be printed without the proposed life of Dr. Donne, his biographer adds: "Indignation or grief, indeed I know not which, transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it." Then the Artless Angler depreciating his own merits concludes his modest introduction in this wise: "And if the author's glorious spirit, which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of this officious duty, confident I am, that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory; for whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his humility and gentleness was then eminent; and I have heard divines say, those virtues were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious flames in heaven." Contrast this self-abnegation with the amour propre, the egotism of the average modern writer!

At eleven years of age (1584), Master John Donne, having a good command of the French and Latin tongues, was sent to Oxford University whence, after three years of study, he was transferred to Cambridge, to the end, as Walton naively expresses it, "that he might receive nourishment from both soils." At seventeen he was removed to London, and admitted to Lincoln's Inn, with an intent to study the law; "where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning and of his improvement in that profession, which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction." It is not my purpose in this browsing to consider at length the subjects of the Lives. I am much more interested in John Donne's poetry than in his sermons; in him as poet than as preacher, for a study of his career induces the belief that his tact as a courtier was largely responsible for his gaining the degree of doctor of divinity and later of the deanery of St. Paul's, at the hands of King James. His poor wife, with whom he had eloped, bore him twelve children, before she gave up the ghost, worn out in the service of motherhood. To his seven motherless children he gave voluntary assurance, narrates his biographer, that he would never bring them under the subjection of a stepmother; which promise he most faithfully kept. Kindly Isaac Walton makes no mention of Dr. Donne's sensual side, of his subservience to unworthy courtiers of rank, of his literary activities, although he pays high tribute to the dean's masterly sermons, which Edmund Gosse, in his adequate "Life and Letters of Dr. John Donne," properly extols. Isaac Walton has given posterity a delightful viewpoint of the dean of St. Paul's, but a one-sided glimpse of his life, in which his de-

merits are lightly touched upon and his merits regarded with glowing eulogium. Yet it is an attractive piece of literature and of no small value ethically and historically. Dr. Donne died March 31, 1631, at the age of fifty-eight.

That the last eight years of his life were years of great earnestness and of religious zeal cannot be doubted. His muse, formerly so graceful and witty, was largely suppressed after he assumed divinity orders, save for the writing of hymns and divine sonnets. In his youth Dr. Donne had perpetrated a number of passionate odes and sonnets, says his gentle biographer: "It is a truth, that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely (God knows, too loosely) scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals." Nevertheless, the pious churchman preserved the manuscripts. It was not until 1633, two years after his death that a collection of his love poems was published, poorly edited and with no regard to chronological order. Donne's poetry is essentially Elizabethan-English in character, to the point of harshness. Ben Jonson went so far as to assert that he "deserved hanging for not keeping of accent," yet he accorded him high praise for his work. Dryden accounts him "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation." It is his fanciful conceits, so vivid, so picturesque; his playful wit, yet caustic, and his wealth of imagery that attract. I can permit myself only one illustration of his poetic skill. It is called "Woman's Constancy."

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
Tomorrow when thou leavest, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were?
Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose?
Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed change, and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would;
Which I abstain to do,
For by tomorrow I may think so too.

If Isaac Walton's tribute to Dr. John Donne is gracefully expressed, then his monograph on his dear friend Sir Henry Wotton may be said to be exquisite. Sir Henry was more of a diplomat than a man of literary attainments and yet several of his poems have outlived three centuries, notably that one depicting "The Character of a Happy Life," while his "On a bank as I sate a-fishing" has been often cited. The intimate friend of Donne, as Walton has told, he was a scholar and linguist and patron of men of letters. How Sir Henry attained the confidence of King James I dates from the time he was sent disguised as an Italian from the court at Florence where he was sojourning. Ferdinand, Duke of Florence, having discovered a design to poison James—then king of Scotland—he was advised by his secretary, Signor Vietta, a personal friend of Wotton, to dispatch the latter to Scotland with letters apprising James of the plot, also sending him Italian antidotes against the deadly drugs. Young Wotton spoke Italian fluently and easily made up for the part. He gained admittance to James, revealed the nefarious plan and unwittingly laid the foundation for future favor. When the Scottish king was called to the English throne to succeed Elizabeth he sought out the duke's envoy, knighted him and sent him as ambassador to Venice, where he served his country for upward of twenty years. In 1624 he returned to England heavily in debt, his arrears of office not having been paid, and by the mediation of Prince Charles was made provost of Eaton college, which appointment he retained until his death in 1639, in his seventy-second year. His writings were published in 1651, under the title of "Reliquiae Wottonianae," prefaced by Isaac Walton's graceful little biography.

Richard Hooker, third subject of Isaac Walton's Lives, had the honor of being born in the city of Exeter where also Sir Thomas Bodley, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh and other notables had their birthplace. But as I am not particularly interested in the life of this theologian, I will pass to George Herbert, a friend of Dr. Donne and of Sir Henry Wotton. It was of Mrs. Herbert, the mother of George that John Donne wrote:

No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in an autumnal face.

At that time both Lady Herbert and Dr. Donne were past the meridian of life. Isaac Walton carefully explains: "This amity . . . was not an amity that polluted their souls, but an amity like that of St. Chrysostom's to his dear and virtuous Olympias." Dr. Donne was then about forty, with a wife and seven children to support and Lady Herbert proved one of his most bountiful benefactors. Walton heard the dean of St. Paul's preach her funeral sermon when he "saw and heard the dean weep as he dwelt upon her goodness of heart and character." George Herbert was a younger scion of that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, of Shakespearean fame. He was chosen orator for Cambridge University in 1619, when he was twenty-six, after having been made major fellow of the college, and his fanciful wit and learning so pleased King James on one occasion that he inquired of the Earl if he knew him. Pembroke replied that Herbert was his kinsman, but he loved him more for his learning and virtue, than for that he was of his name and family. "At which answer," relates Walton, "the king smiled and asked the earl's leave that he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that university."

George Herbert understood the Italian, Spanish and French tongues perfectly, but that he also knew the language of love his biographer quaintly indicates for the third day after meeting Jane Danvers, one of nine daughters, he induced this modern member of the muses to change her name to Herbert. Quoth Walton: "This haste might, in others, be thought a love-phrensie or worse," but it was not, for they knew their own minds and the marriage "proved a mutual con-

tent." Walton tells us that "the third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat . . . he saluted his wife, and said to her, 'You are now a minister's wife, and must so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility. . . . And she was so meek a wife, as to assure him it was no vexing news to her and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness.' Sweet and dutiful Jane! Alas, that her husband, the poet-preacher, lived only three years to perform his zealous duties. His strength was unequal to the great tasks he set himself. His chiefest recreation was music, in which he was a master. He composed many divine hymns and anthems which he set and sung to his lute or viol. Twice a week he went to the cathedral church in Salisbury and on his return to Bemerton would say that his time passed in prayer and cathedral-music elevated his soul and was his heaven upon earth. At the age of forty this saintly priest and poet died of consumption, 'unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility and all the examples of a virtuous life.' Adds his devoted biographer, 'I wish (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to die like him.' It is a curious commentary that his elder brother, Lord Herbert, became notorious as the father of deism—although of a devout nature he it said. It may be of interest to know that Mrs. Herbert remained a disconsolate widow six years, when "time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows, that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook, by whom she had one child, a daughter."

Limited space forbids dwelling here upon the biography in miniature of Dr. Robert Sanderson, the fifth subject of these Lives, for a word concerning their author is required. It will be recalled that the Gentle Angler had married for his second wife the half-sister of Bishop Ken which brought to Walton the acquaintance of the eminent men and dignitaries of the church, and it was at their homes that he came into touch with the famous characters whose lives he has illumined. These with his magnum opus, "The Complete Angler," have served to render his name illustrious in the annals of English literature. I have several editions of his great work and they have all been read assiduously. But of that idyllic production I have before despatched in these columns so must not be prolix. It was the five Lives herein touched upon that I wanted to recall and the Chiswick edition has proved a profitable medium, I hope.

S. T. C.

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

SAN FRANCISCO ushered in the New Year with traditional gaiety and noise. It is proudly claimed that all records of ear-splitting din were broken, and for an hour before midnight every steam whistle in the city seemed to be on the rampage. Restless crowds on Market Street battled good-humoredly with confetti, nor could the drizzle which started with the advent of 1916 and subsequently developed into the heaviest gale the Golden Gate has faced in a quarter of a century dampen the ardor of the multitude. Within doors, tables in the restaurants of the principal hotels and cafes had been at a premium for weeks, good cheer and champagne flowing without restraint. The celebration at the Palace Hotel was graced by the motive of charity, and the funds of the Infant Shelter were swelled some \$4,000 thereby.

* * *

Despite the wretched weather of New Year's Day the re-opening of the Palace of Fine Arts was witnessed by a large crowd and was a thoroughly enthusiastic event. Governor Johnson made his first appearance in public after his recent illness from bronchitis and pledged himself to the project of preservation. The confidence with which he predicted the legislature's favorable action in reference to the preservation of the California building and its transformation into a state normal school was inspiring, and he declared with enthusiasm that "there should be no doubt about the outcome of the rest of the preservation plans that have real merit." Bernard Maybeck, the architect of the Fine Arts Palace, made a modest and impressive speech in which he predicted "our wondrous exposition has given San Francisco new and vital art interest, and this interest eventually will result in making San Francisco one of the great art centers of the world."

* * *

Sunday evening we had the wildest weather this city has known in twenty-six years, a hurricane raging for six hours and the wind blowing at from seventy to a hundred miles an hour. Numerous injuries from falling fences and flying debris were reported, the most lamentable of which was the fatal accident to Henry Chilson, the Los Angeles druggist, who was killed by a falling billboard while Mrs. Chilson narrowly escaped a similar fate. The menace of these huge sign-boards in stormy weather has again been demonstrated and may spur the authorities to more drastic regulations. It is significant to read that early in the day the police ordered the taking down of dangerous signs, demonstrating that the menace in their existence was recognized. But even billboards "supposed to be firmly anchored were torn off and whirled into the street." One three-story house was blown over, and two others wrecked. The buildings and statuary at the Exposition proved remarkably immune to the storm, the only damage reported being that to the Lafayette statue, the rider torn from his horse, which was left standing.

* * *

Municipal music, hitherto, has flourished here principally because the municipal band has been managed without any interference from politicians. The supervisor who has been responsible for the band's management has been only concerned in giving the public good music and plenty of it. But one of the new supervisors is a musician of sorts himself, hence aspires to identify himself with the band. He has a

novel scheme which certainly cannot commend itself to musicians. He is in favor of ousting John Kehoe, the efficient director of the band, and changing the director every three or four months in order to give ambitious musicians the temporary distinction of leadership. Obviously, it is a preposterously foolish plan which could only undermine the organization of the band and make it a political football.

Lillian Russell, as beautiful and radiant as ever, is proving an irresistible magnet to the Orpheum this week. The former queen of the comic opera stage has been in retirement for the last two years, content with her literary labors and domesticity as the wife of Alexander P. Moore, the Pittsburg publisher. At her opening performance here Miss Russell sang seven songs and made a speech, besides being wonderfully gowned.

Clarence Eddy, whose reputation as an organist is worldwide, is a candidate for the position of municipal organist, to be in charge of the magnificent instrument which has been removed from Festival Hall at the Exposition to the Civic Auditorium. But there are several aspirants of local reputation whose claims appear to be formidable.

Several tales of woe from the moving picture men of Los Angeles have been published here with the implied threat that unless the board of censors and other authorities relax their "chemically pure" discipline of the "movies," the industry will be transplanted to San Diego or San Francisco. "There is something about a Los Angeles censor," runs one of the complaints in an evening paper, that shrinks from the sight of legs, even though they be the classic calves of a Samson or a Shem, or Japheth's sanctified shanks." And this, though no less an authority than Charlie Van Loan recently has been assuring the readers of Collier's that the residents of Los Angeles have become so inured to the very profitable industry that no street spectacle can shock or surprise them.

San Francisco, Jan. 5

R. H. C.

WHEN WINTER REACHES GOTHAM

By Randolph Bartlett

NEARLY a month ago there came a feeling that winter had reached the island of Manhattan. This feeling was difficult to analyze. It was not often extremely cold, and the same (or similar) garb that had served in Southern California a year ago, still was sufficient protection against the elements in New York. Perhaps one was a little more careful to fasten the top button of the overcoat, and secure the collar snugly around the throat, or even, possibly, to wear a light scarf around the neck to outwit what wisps of wind found their way past the outer fortifications. Still, as the Californian regards the eastern winter, it was not winter. Yet the feeling that the frost-bound period had arrived still persisted. Why was it? True, since several weeks previous there had been steam heat, but then the providing of steam is regulated by the calendar and not by the thermometer, in New York. Down to a certain day you cannot get it, no matter how cold it may be; thereafter, you get it, no matter how warm it may be. So the radiator was not the answer. Then there were the ice skating signs, but as the natural frost is so uncertain a quantity in New York this form of diversion is always provided by artificial refrigeration; and for that matter, ice skating exhibitions have been going on at the Hippodrome since late summer. What was it, then, that made it so obvious that winter had arrived? Not the opera nor the horseshow—they came too early. Not snow, for it did not come until several weeks later.

Then, percolating into the consciousness, came an understanding of the pathetic cause of the realization of winter's arrival. The sight was so common that it had not at once, to use the moving picture term, registered. One had become accustomed to it like the noise of the subway and the dishonesty of the small merchants. Yet there it was—not the thinly clad newsboys huddling behind the shelter of the stairways to the elevated, not the increasing insistence of furtive mendicants, not the voice of the wind in the bare branches in Central Park. Sadder than any of these—much sadder—was the sight of all the poor little Fords running around with their radiators wrapped in tarpaulin, and underneath the tarpaulin doubtless a double layer of red flannel, so that the dear little things will not catch cold in their dear little noses. It recalled immediately the story of "The Pobble Who Has No Toes," so touchingly related by Edward Lear. It will be remembered by all who are acquainted with this classic that—

The Pobble who has no toes
Swam across the Bristol channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble, however, was gentler than the little Fords, for instead of hoarsely announcing his approach with noise out of all proportion to his size and importance, he "tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell." But let us hope, at least, that no little Ford will suffer the fate of the Pobble, whose flannel was cruelly and surreptitiously snatched away by a sea-green porpoise, resulting in the immediate and correlative loss of all his ten toes. This suggests a Ford story which is circulating in the ice belt. A Ford owner left his machine outside, quite carelessly, instead of carrying it under his arm when he went into a certain shop, and upon coming out again he found that the wrappings of the radiator had been stolen. "Won't that thief be sore," a friend asked, "when he finds the machine isn't inside the tarpaulin?"

Later, there have been more obvious signs of winter—or at least more annoying ones. Before becoming acquainted with a New York winter, I had read from

time to time of the terrible blizzards to which the city is occasionally subjected. Having cut my eye teeth on blizzards in the Canadian northwest, I looked forward to the New York version with curiosity rather than apprehension, but it was with amusement that I witnessed its funny little fury. When the storm was over New York was buried beneath the traditional "mantle of snow," the depth of which, in many places, was as great as one foot, or at least ten inches anyhow, and traffic was paralyzed! When I recalled the ten-foot drifts in Winnipeg, and the trilling delay they caused in the routine of existence, it was to laugh. For in this, as in all other matters, the watchword of New York is unpreparedness. The snowfall took the city as completely by surprise as if it had occurred in August, just as, in August, the populace is as distinctly astonished by the heat wave, as if previous summers had been of Arctic variety. In a few days, however, the main thoroughfares had been cleared, and the snow carted away and dumped into the river that Hendrick Hudson prudently placed beside the town for the purpose. Enough of the snow, however, was left to provide a "white Christmas," for the parks and the Palisades present a thoroughly seasonable appearance.

Again the Cort theater has proved itself either fortunate or possessed of a management of unusually keen discrimination. It has become a proverbial house of long runs, and now the Victor Herbert musical comedy, "Princess Pat," has settled down for a stay of indefinite duration, and deservedly so. The score is as good a piece of light musical composition as this veteran ever produced, but even more remarkable is the fact that the author of the book, Henry Blossom, has contributed an American libretto of unusual interest and humor. An index to its originality is the fact that the piece does not open with a chorus. This I felt to be a personal grievance. One Sunday, a year or two ago, Henry Warnack and I wrote a musical comedy, book and lyrics complete, in twenty-four hours. It is a remarkably good musical comedy—or rather comedy, for the music is not, yet, and possibly never will be. And an index to its cleverness and originality lies in the fact that it did not open with a chorus. This, we felt, was so striking that it would win the attention of managers immediately. But no more of this sad tale. Suffice it that I am now satisfied that Henry and I have been betrayed. One of the managers who have read our book must have gone to Mr. Blossom and said: "Blossom, here's a great idea—write a musical comedy that doesn't open with a chorus. It will be a knockout." Hence "Princess Pat." Mind you, I don't accuse Mr. Blossom of plagiarizing, but he must have had the suggestion from somewhere, and the coincidence, I think I am justified in saying, is rather remarkable. I haven't communicated with Henry Warnack, my collaborator, on the subject, but it is possible we may yet feel impelled to bring suit against Mr. Blossom under the copyright law.

This recalls a conversation I had with Frank Pixley in Pasadena several years ago, before the death of Gus Luders. He asked: "Why is it that a musical comedy must always open with a chorus, that we must sit around and listen to a lot of 'We sing tra la we laugh ha ha we dance ta ta merrily merrily all the day for the king the king he comes this way this way this way today,' before we are given the least clue to what all the fuss is about?" Since Mr. Pixley had written about a dozen or two musical comedies along this line of thought, it seemed rather strange that he should ask the question. "Don't you know?" I asked him. "No," he answered me. "Gus and I always do it that way because we always have, and because Gilbert and Sullivan did it that way before us, and most of the grand opera librettists and composers as well." Having looked at the matter from the viewpoint of the audience rather than that of the producer, I suggested that it was to give the late comers time to get seated, so that the banging of opera chairs would not interfere with the plot, comedy, or solos. "I suppose that's the original cause," Pixley agreed, "but it is a silly idea when you think of it." It is quite possible that he and Luders might eventually have written a piece which opened in other than a choral way, only for Mr. Luders' untimely demise. I feel well within my rights, therefore, in regarding myself and Henry Warnack as sole proprietors of this revolutionary idea, which, properly protected and developed, should become as valuable one day as the Selden patents.

One of the most interesting pieces of self-deception in New York is the belief among many people that Childs' restaurants are cheap places to eat. The fact is, they only look cheap. They have all the aspects of the sort of places you expect things to be brought to the highest point of efficiency and economy. The truth is, that a few of the less expensive sorts of food, beans and their bourgeois brethren, are a few cents cheaper than at the ordinary restaurants, but other things are either more expensive or you receive smaller portions for the same price you pay elsewhere. A quite ordinary steak at Childs' costs forty-five cents. One day last week I discovered a restaurant in the vicinity of Madison Square where for fifty cents I was served with the following meal: Hors d'oeuvres of celery and olives, clam chowder, tenderloin steak, lyonnaise potatoes, salad, preserved pears and coffee. Nor was it a stingy steak, but much larger and infinitely better in quality than the forty-five-cent one at Childs'. This is just a sample. If one has only ten cents to spend for a meal, perhaps Childs' with its beans is about the only place to go, but it costs a good deal of money to have a real meal there. One of the saddest things about Childs', moreover, is the fact that not only are these numerous restaurants patronized by people of small means who have been hypnotized into a belief that they are the cheapest places in the city, but the tipping system has insidiously invaded even this institution. Seated across the table from me, one day, was a woman whose close scrutiny of the bill of fare was understood when she ordered the cheapest thing it offered—a ten-cent plate of beans. That was all—no

milk or coffee, no pie. Her clothes were shabby, and she was obviously hungry when she had devoured the legumes. Yet she slipped a nickel beside her plate as she rose to leave. Moreover, the waiters expect it. This restaurant was near where I was living at that time, and I used to drop in frequently for breakfast. But I refused to tip. After about a week of this, I sat one morning for twenty minutes before I was able to convince the haughty blonde who was serving others at the same table that I had come as a participant and not merely as a spectator. The one great attraction about the Childs' restaurants is, that they are dazzlingly clean.

Cartoonist Gale's Promotion

Fame and fortune are about to perch on the banner of that brilliant young Los Angeles cartoonist, Edmund W. Gale, jr., whom I had the honor of starting on his career as a newspaper artist, ten years ago on the old Evening News. Gale, I hear in a roundabout way, has signed a contract with the Wheeler syndicate, which handles Bud Fisher's "Mutt and Jeff." Beginning next Monday "Mr. Wad" will cease to be an exclusive feature with the Times and will also be seen in practically all the papers about the country which are using the vastly inferior Fisher stuff. I have long contended that Gale was doing better work in his "Wad" strip than was to be found in the productions of any other newspaper cartoonist and it is a pleasure to see that the world at large has come to an appreciation of his merits. It will be good news to Gale's many friends and admirers to learn that he is not to leave Los Angeles permanently, as, I am told, he expects still to call this city his home. He will go east next week but only for six months or so, perhaps to add a touch of metropolitanism to his family of "Wads." After that a yearly trip is expected to suffice. It has been a long apprenticeship Gale has served, two years with me on The News and eight years on the Times, but he wisely refrained from accepting any eastern lures until he could land a place at the top of his profession. Much of Gale's work of late has been finding its way into the Photoplay Magazine, of which that other former Times employe, Julian Johnson, is editor. I presume he will continue to furnish Julian "copy," as his contract, rumor states, only binds him insofar as newspapers are concerned. Once upon a time Gale told me that the day he sold me his first cartoon he walked out of the old News office and looking toward the mountains beheld a glorious rainbow, which he took to be an omen of good fortune to come. I believe he is about to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow which he saw, years ago, from the steps of the old armory at Eighth and Spring.

Slapping Los Angeles on the Wrist

Why did Rob Wagner go to Pasadena to deliver himself of pointed remarks concerning the public architectural taste of Los Angeles? His indictment might have been of more value here at home. Rob was pleased, in an address at Throop College of Technology, to refer to "Los Angeles' Nut Sundae," commonly called the Hall of Records, and added, "This glorified bath tub was wished on to the people by a bunch of soap heads. They used the tail-end of the big hill for the foundation and then shot the 'scream' so far up into the clouds that employes think they are on board ship because of the constant rocking. Once there was an attempt made to blow up the Hall of Records with dynamite and unionists were accused, but I know better. The men who made the attempt, probably, were genuine artists." He also paid his respects to the designers of the poorly lighted federal building. Rob holds a brief for a color scheme which will conform with our climate and is particularly bitter regarding the miles of bungalows to which Los Angeles is accustomed to "point with pride." I believe most of us will agree with Rob that it is time Southern California made an attempt to start growth in an artistic direction.

Versatility of Pacific Mutual Officials

What a versatile group of high officials the Pacific Mutual has! There is President George I. Cochran, who, in spite of his exacting duties, finds time to follow the most useful hobby a man may have, if taking an active interest in civic affairs without expectation of reward may be termed a hobby. There are few bills before the state legislature at any of its sessions about which George Cochran does not know more than the debaters who argue pro and con at Sacramento and the state normal school in Los Angeles is the better for having the Pacific Mutual official on its board of trustees. Then there is Gail B. Johnson, vice-president, who finds a happy medium for his all too occasional little essays on human affairs, in the bright publication issued by the company, the Pacific Mutual News. C. I. D. Moore, its editor and company secretary, crowds Mr. Johnson in his literary endeavors, his bent being poetry. He has in the last issue of the insurance publication an excellent poem in sonorous blank verse, "The Pacific," which he describes as "A Thought for the New Year." Lee Phillips, also a vice president of the company, is a man of large business affairs whose colonization work in the Stockton delta has proved eminently successful.

San Rafael Gets a Live Earl

Earl Cowan has heard the call of the country. He and his family have deserted Wilshire boulevard for San Rafael Heights and their lares and penates are now established in that handsome home which Merrill Moore Grigg and his talented wife built and which had been occupied but a short time when it was saddened by the death of Mrs. Grigg. Earl has as near neighbors Hans Jevne and Herman Henneberger, Jr., and he will also be in close proximity to the Annandale Country Club, where he may indulge his taste for golf. It is a healthy spot for the little Marchioness Cowan.

The Strange Case of Thomas Smith

By Paul Shoup

THE professor adjusted his glasses.

"In our lectures upon Men of Our Times," he said, "we now come to that extraordinary character, Thomas Smith. He has been said to be a menace. He has been presumed to be crazy. With equal fervor he has been hailed as a great benefactor, ushering in a new industrial era. Only time will answer the question involved. It is enough for our purpose today to know the man is of commanding interest.

"Thomas Smith is of middle west origin; his childhood that of a middle west country boy. In a scholastic way he is the product of one of the log school houses, famous, perhaps, because there was as much worth while to be learned outside the walls as within. Thomas walked a mile through woods and fields to school. He had gravelly, clear, running streams in which to swim; groves of hickory, walnut, oak and butternut in which to play; fields of corn and potatoes in which to hoe and plow,—an avocation that disturbed vastly the otherwise great pleasure of out of doors. He learned of the birds and the bees, the animals of the woods, the stock of the farm; from the trees and flowers and on the green common of the country town; many things which no city lad ever can know.

"Home was a two-story white house with verandas and gable roof embellished with two lightning rods and the scroll-saw ornamentation of that period. Here, Thomas on the lawn discouraged dandelions by pulling them up and encouraged blue grass by cutting it. His personal discouragement was chiefly in the rear in the woodshed where only the most active of bucksaws could keep the family warm in the winter.

"From Thomas' mother he learned to be clean; that the high water mark in washing one's face extended back of the ears; that barefoot boys required a bucket of water every night; that mud must not be tracked into the house, and that Saturday night and the bathtub were both solubly and indissolubly associated. From his mother he learned to observe Sunday, with black shoes, Sunday clothes, a celluloid collar and attendance at Sunday School. But the most important of all as bearing upon the most interesting side of his character, he learned from his mother, too busily engaged with seven children to be very expressive in her love, that all the world was worth caring for and nearly all the world needed caring for.

"His father taught him that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that lying is merely an evidence of weakness. He taught him work was a necessary evil and in evading it he would meet a greater evil. He also told him not to smoke, drink, chew or use profane language, which rules he silently observed and his father occasionally violated.

"At fourteen Thomas knew some arithmetic, could write, read and spell fairly well; he could plow, bind wheat, rake hay, harness and drive a team, build a rail fence, plant and gather corn, follow the thresher, herd cattle. He knew all the legends and Indian lore of that section; was a good swimmer, a fair ball player, and could fish, hunt and trap. He knew Democrats to be good people individually and a destructive collectively to the government. Briefly, he was a freckled faced, sturdy, sandy-haired country boy, with all the practical information and all the enlivening misinformation that possesses such a boy at fourteen. Then his father removed with his family to the city, and, so far as our story is concerned, Thomas is submerged from view for some years.

"When next we have trace of him he is married, a master workman—a brickmason—undertaking contracting work in a small way. He found very few people had constructive ability of their own. The owners of wealth had to employ different people to keep this wealth alive. So, learning this fact, when he acquired one dollar he used it to employ five. Then came the wealth gathering period of his life. He knew thoroughly the details of what he undertook; having acquired this knowledge sometimes very painstakingly, he then acted with amazing rapidity. He developed the very rare quality of being able to segregate major from minor matters of importance; to do the former and see that the latter were done.

"Time and distance he overwhelmed as need arose; or utilized them as they served his purpose. He used the cable, telephone and telegraph to talk to men in all parts of North America and Europe as he would talk with them across the table. He was prodigal with distance and parsimonious with words.

"Sure of his premises, he dealt as swiftly as could be. If not sure, he disappeared from view a day, a week, or two weeks until he could return with the answer. His power of silence is remarkable. In the only interview he ever gave he stated, you will remember, that every man has his individual language, and even when interested, men only fairly well understood one another. It is therefore both idle and misleading to try to talk to the world hurrying indifferently by. In a given time he thought there might be little difficulty in interpreting acts correctly, but even the courts, most learned in language and its niceties, disagree as to the intention expressed in such a very simple association of words as may express a man's will.

"At forty-eight Thomas Smith reached the age of discontent and retired. He thought it to be personal freedom from system of organization and the binding ties of business that he desired. He believed his life work done in a major way. It is supposed that at this time he possessed eighty millions of dollars in wealth and considered this achievement to be success. It is probable that the next two years were a period of evolution with Thomas Smith. That he attempted to go back to his boyhood days with some success is no doubt true; but it is also true that he was restless beyond measure.

"Then came the European war and Thomas Smith

found a new interest in life. His attempts to control the manufacture of war supplies in the United States are generally, if vaguely, known. His motive he has never proclaimed. Likely, his sympathy for one nationality or another was aroused. What success he had in the silent and mighty financial war waged in the United States at that time for such control we do not know. We do know, however, that he emerged from this conflict at the end of the war with fabulous wealth in his possession. He is supposed to have come out of the conflict with four hundred millions of dollars and without a job.

"His subsequent conduct indicates his dissatisfaction with himself. He had gone back to his boyhood sports but he had not gone back to any of his boyhood obligations. He saw the same dandelions to be pulled, corn to be hoed, potatoes and their bugs he had tried to forget, and finally the truth came home to him: He was in want of a job. He was fifty, rugged and active. He told his wife that he intended to try a new experiment, and she, used to his ways, said she would visit the children as usual while he was engaged in the process of getting homesick.

"So he left the side of the mountain, the stream and foothills that were home and went back into the city; hired a room, donned his workingman's clothes, and began the search for a job.

"Next we hear of Thomas Smith he is again a brick mason, working at his trade. He has spoken to his friends with enthusiasm of the eight hours that he put in every day, of the zest of live living and of the feeling of peace and comfort that possessed him when he went back to his room at night, changed his clothes, took his bath, and after dinner sat down to his pipe and paper.

"How long this lasted we do not know. One morning, however, it seems as he went to work he observed a man, rather forlornly dressed, speaking earnestly with the foreman and then turning slowly away. He asked the foreman what the man wanted. The foreman said: 'A job—wife and four children, hungry, he says; comes early every morning, but we can't take him on now.'

"Thomas Smith went about his work, but that night he didn't sleep so well. He had long ago formed the habit of not giving indiscriminately and looked upon charity as he did upon medicine—an evil, necessary, perhaps, but an evil nevertheless. The next morning the man was at the gate again, more earnest than ever.

"Same story," said the foreman in response to Smith's look of inquiry. 'The man says that he can't beg, won't steal, and wants to know what's to be done.'

"That night Thomas Smith was deeply tried. Here was a man, sober, industrious, with a family, who wanted a job and couldn't get work. Were such men out of work? He knew in his heart the answer. Thomas Smith had wanted a job, too, and had found it. From two points of view he now saw how necessary employment is in this life. He told one friend that while he slept that night a little red devil sat continuously at the foot of his bed and every time he woke up pointed an accusing finger at him with a sardonic smile and said, 'You've got his job; you've got his job; you've got his job.' It may be it was at this time the idea took possession of him that every man who wanted to work must have employment.

"Next morning Thomas Smith went to work but did not work. The forlorn stranger was again at the gate. Smith went up to the foreman and said: 'Give that man my place.' He then collected the sixteen dollars due him and again passes from our sight.

"We hear of him here and there in the next year or two. He seems to have traveled all over the country, and everywhere he went he was a plain interrogation point. There were not enough railroads in Arkansas. Why? There were many unemployed men in the New England textile industries. Why? Matches had greatly increased in cost. Why? Laboring men in the San Joaquin Valley in California were not steadily employed. What was the trouble? There was a shortage of skilled iron workers in Pittsburg and at the same time a great many lumberjacks without work in the Northwest. What was wrong?

"Here and there we hear, too, of the work of some bureau that he established. Men were bobbing up over the country, this place and that, asking questions, gathering statistics. Then one day Thomas Smith literally fell upon Southern California and the real world interest in his fortunes began. He called upon Frank P. Flint, whom you will all remember as a former United States senator from California, and in his later years very much interested in industrial topics. It is reported also that he made careful inquiry of other men then, and some of them now, actively engaged in the employment of labor. What these men—a Mr. Koepfli, a Mr. Reese Llewellyn, a Mr. Fred Baker—told him is not known, but, apparently, he must have been satisfied with the accuracy of their knowledge as to the conditions existing and the possibility of creating the conditions that he desired.

"We know next that he bought first the Irvine ranch, then purchased everything that he could acquire in the town of Torrance, including practically every industry, and subsequently took over a number of other properties throughout the southern part of California and, indeed, in Mexico, for he included in his acquisitions a famous C. M. Ranch in the Imperial Valley.

"From the beginning it was apparent that his activities were not to be confined to any one line of employment. Agriculture, manufacturing, mining even, were within his plans. The people vaguely understood

this. But when he began to establish studios and to set painters and, indeed, composers to work they talked of Thomas Smith as having gone crazy. When sculptors and poets were added to the list, then his sanity was questioned by and large. That he should have men engaged in the manufacture of shoes for a certain period and then abruptly switch them into making stoves merely impressed people as an eccentricity, but when he began to check up all of these laborers to ascertain if there might be an undiscovered genius who could draw cartoons, there was talk of having the state commission examine him.

"Meantime, industries grew over night. Plants were constructed for manufacturing purposes, and some of them thereafter ran on full time, some on half time and some not at all. It will be remembered there is a fully equipped car building plant at the Irvine station which, in the course of five years has only been in operation about three hundred days. It is said that his plant for the manufacture of socks has never turned a wheel if, indeed, socks be manufactured by wheel.

"There is one other eccentricity that has puzzled the majority of our people. Every man who has applied for a job has been given a place. The wages are uniformly three dollars a day, whether for a poet or a ditch digger, an architect or a carpenter, an author or a farmer. Men below the age of thirty he requires to work ten hours a day, excepting, of course, Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Above thirty, eight hours a day, I believe is the rule, and it is now reported that men above fifty are to work but six hours a day.

"Is Thomas Smith crazy, or is he having fun with the world, or is he working out a theory?

"It is authentically reported that he asks no man any questions about his past. No one need produce an individual record. Instead, he is presented with a blank wherein he tells what he will do in the future, explaining the disposition he hopes to make of his wage, allowing for reasonable variation, what his habits ought to be and what he hopes to become. If, in any flagrant way, the man violates the rules that he himself has laid down for his future, he is asked to resign for a period of six months, and think it over.

"Thomas Smith has no unions; he has no strikes; if men don't care to work, they can quit. It is, however, reported that his supervision is zealous and intense as to wealth in a creation, whether it be a growing field of wheat, or automobiles or furniture in the white; everything must be finished.

"One of the bright young men of the Incandescent News Service spent three weeks in an effort to discover what motive governed the operation of the Thomas Smith plants, employing now, as you know, all told, about one hundred thousand men and women and, on occasion, two hundred thousand. He came back somewhat dazed and with a very brief story which, in substance, was that no one ever had received a definite statement from Thomas Smith as to his purpose but it was generally believed, in the language of one of the electrical workers, that it was Smith's purpose to use the peak load of labor by raising the voltage in industries where there was a shortage in product.

"This view, perhaps, is not different from that of one of the few close friends of Thomas Smith. He says with some degree of assurance that Thomas Smith's motive is primarily to give a job to every man who wants to work, and secondarily, to produce that thing which the world needs and where the supply does not meet the demand. He believes, further, that Smith's intention is not to interfere with any industry anywhere and the reason for his abrupt closing of manufactories and transferring men from one industry to another, is that investments and employment elsewhere must not be jeopardized by his activity. He even claims further that Smith has stated, probably, in an unguarded moment, that even as railroads had to be built to take care of traffic that might happen or might be created rather than that which could be actually foreseen or measured, so he thought in other lines of industry very necessary to human comfort, there should be created machinery to meet any new or over-demand, even though the machinery might at times be idle, and in time obsolescent. Our friend says Thomas Smith has the idea that while we are destroying or changing into other forms the great natural wealth given to us in the forests, the mines, the running streams and the like, we should at the same time be creating reserve forms of wealth of a permanent nature that may be used productively when needed, just as we use those forests and mines.

"It is true that when industry is quiet over the land and there is much unemployment in many lines of creation, Thomas Smith becomes tremendously active in his efforts to create something new that the world will need, or to build up surplus reserves of wealth. In the duller times constructive operations are carried on by the Smith companies on the largest scale and his laboratories then day and night are most busily kept at work.

"The question, however," said the professor, in conclusion, "either as to Thomas Smith's mental state or the mental states that he is creating in other people, cannot be answered tonight.

"Finally," added the professor, "it is seriously interesting to know that any forenoon of every week day Thomas Smith himself may be observed working at his trade of brick mason; and he is said to have replied to an urchin who asked him one day why he whistled at his work: 'Because I have a job, and at the same time every man in this country who wants to work likewise has a job.'

By the Way



Transition of the Burbank

Theaters are as genuine institutions of a community's life as are churches or newspapers; they possess as much personality as human beings, they become as beloved as do prominent characters and the passing of one of them is the occasion of as much mourning as is the death of a great public personage. Exemplification of this has been seen on every side in Los Angeles this week in the expressions of regret which followed the announcement by Oliver Morosco that the Burbank Theater is to be turned over to motion pictures. Los Angeles is grateful to Morosco for what he has done in making the Burbank the dependable theatrical center of Los Angeles, it appreciates the financial motives which prompt him to move his excellent stock company to the more modern Morosco Theater on Broadway and it offers him assurances of support in the new location, but it cannot suppress the pangs caused by the turning over of this old theater, for more than twenty years the home of stock companies, to the movies. To many of the younger generation of Los Angelans the thought of the Burbank is coupled with their earliest theatrical experiences—there it was that many of them saw their first plays and there they have continued to go with the assurance of enjoyable entertainment. From being the "folly" of Dr. Burbank, as lovable a pioneer as Los Angeles had, the theater became the "gold mine" which enabled Oliver Morosco to become a dominating figure in American dramatic affairs and the persistency with which he clung to it, long after Main street had ceased to be a polite thoroughfare, is proof that he was actuated by something higher than money considerations. But the way the public flocked to the old house was proof that it, too, had a sense of loyalty.

Early History of the Burbank

When the Burbank was built, early in the nineties, it was located among many of the city's best homes. Directly across the street was the residence of Dr. Burbank, who in his old age became so bitten by the "stage bug" that he put up what was at the time one of the best theaters on the Pacific coast. Today, the old theater is crowded on all sides by skyscrapers. The early existence of the Burbank was a precarious one. For a time it was managed by John Griffin, Dr. Burbank's son-in-law, who, I believe, died several years ago. Mrs. Griffin remains, I understand, the owner of the property. Fred Cooper, a Los Angeles pioneer in matters dramatic, was another early Burbank manager. Cooper it was who with white cheesecloth once fenced off a portion of the barn-like Hazard's Pavilion, which stood on the site of the present Temple Auditorium, and gave therein histrionic productions. John C. Fisher is another name which stands out in early Burbank history. Fisher managed the house before he dreamed of the fortune he was to make as the producer of "Florodora" and, later, to lose in other stage ventures. It was not until the youthful Oliver Morosco, adopted son and protégé of Walter Morosco, a leading figure in San Francisco dramatic affairs in the eighties and owner of the first theater to bear the name "Morosco," came south that prosperity took up her permanent abode at the Burbank. Oliver Morosco is a genius of the stage who had his first opportunity to show his producing ability when he took over the Burbank theater. What he did there has become, in no small measure, a part of the history of the American stage. Many are the successes which first were produced in the old theater. "Peg o' My Heart" was the greatest of them but there were also "The Bird of Paradise," "Kindling," "Rose of the Rancho," (Juanita of San Juan) and half a dozen other equally big money makers.

Old Favorites of Burbank Stage

Among the well-known actors' names that are called to mind by thoughts of the Burbank's early days are Capt. Harrington Reynolds, Keith Wakeman, that fascinating young California actress who was to become leading woman for the late E. S. Willard and Robert Mantell, and who was for a time with the Ben Greet players; Frank Mathieu, who of recent years, Louis Vetter tells me, has been director of the Bohemian Club grove plays; Harry Glazier, who died in mysterious circumstances nearly eight years ago; Tom Oberle, who finally succumbed to consumption; Mary Van Buren; Margaret Hampton; Tim Frawley, who was at the Burbank for a long time; James McNeil and his wife Edythe Chapman, who also played several long engagements there; Maclyn Arbuckle; Ralph Stuart; Guy Standing. To give a list of the later day favorites at the old house would be to write a directory of the stars of the stage of today. Of the present Burbank company, which tomorrow becomes the Morosco company, only Harry Duffield unites the past and the present. He came to the Burbank early in Morosco's regime and there he has remained, though his appearances of late months have been all too infrequent for such polished art as his which is the result of years of experience. His wife, the late Phosa McAllister, was another old-time Burbank favorite who, in addition to her work with the stock company, conducted one of the first dramatic schools in Los Angeles. Inwardly, the Burbank has changed

little in its comparatively long life. It has been redecorated many times, but it remained the same big, comfortable home of the popular drama. And tomorrow it is to be turned over to the movies, laudable entertainment enough, but the transition marks the ending of an epoch in Los Angeles stage life, the passing of a friend known and beloved, proved through years of trial, respected for its ambitions, forgiven for its occasional sins, genuinely mourned by the entire community.

Scribes' Jolly Evening

There was a peak-load of fun disseminated at the New Year meeting of the Scribes Tuesday evening at the University Club. Following the excellent dinner the Scribes resolved themselves into a mock court of impeachment, with Judge Victor Shaw presiding, Major R. W. Burnham as bailiff, Carl McStay, clerk, Herbert Goudge, prosecuting attorney, and Marshall Stimson, counsel for defendants. A jury, of which Harold Janeway was foreman, heard the testimony and imbibed the arguments, which were both witty and fanciful. Reading of the various indictments evoked roars of laughter in which the defendants joined. The latter were Scribes Harry Brook, Homer Earle, C. C. Davis, S. T. Clover, J. O. Koepfli, Louis Vetter and Roger Sterritt. Far be it from me to particularize; to do so were to lay bare my own alleged shortcomings. Suffice it, that the indictments were supported by numerous witnesses whose evidence was singularly and wonderfully concocted. I believe that Harold Janeway and Charley Barton were responsible for the diverting program, but the sidelights furnished by Judge Shaw, Dr. John R. Haynes, Orta Monnette, Gaylord Wilshire, Shelley Tollhurst and others kept the courtroom ringing with laughter. It was a jolly evening, even if Marshall Stimson did prejudice my case by his woful defense.

Dan Brearley Pays the Great Price

Years ago I knew D. R. Brearley—Dan Brearley he was then—who died in Los Angeles this week, as the king of the "oat crowd" on the Chicago Board of Trade. I was a youngster, publishing a weekly paper at the time, devoted to the gossip of the Board, and the tall, black-haired, black-eyed Daniel was a picturesque figure on the floor. When I came to Los Angeles in 1901 I found him selling real estate and in comfortable circumstances. He had the agency for that desirable property in West Adams, where now Mrs. Childs' mansion stands, the pioneer in that section. He offered me all the frontage I wanted at \$25 a foot, but I invested across the way with Charley Sumner at \$10 a front foot, in Kinney Heights. Both properties have been vastly augmented in value, but the blessed Evening News long since swallowed my share of the accretions in price. However, Dan did his best to make me rich, but I had designs on a daily paper, and was saving my modest assets for that sacrifice. Dan lived to round out his eightieth year, a square man, a good man. Peace to his ashes!

Former Los Angelan Offers His Services

Friends of Cyril E. Bretherton, the witty young lawyer who left Los Angeles six months ago to write editorials for the Washington (D. C.) Herald, will learn with interest that he plans to sail for England next Friday, January 14, to offer his services to his country. I profoundly hope that he may not meet with the like experience that befell that other former fellow townsman, Mr. Campbell-Johnston, who perished with his wife in the foundering of the Lusitania. Aboard that ill-fated boat was Mrs. Cyril Bretherton with her two children, one of whom, the baby, was drowned. Mr. Bretherton will rejoin his wife after a long separation. I admire his courage but regret his resolve. He has been doing excellent work in Washington and it seems too bad that his newspaper career should be thus summarily halted.

Hail, Mary Shaw!

Mary Shaw is coming next week and her many admirers in Los Angeles rejoice therat. Wise, witty, big-hearted is she, with a master mind devoted to feminine uses. She played Ibsen when so few dared; starred in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in the face of drastic criticism. She has started a movement to secure a national theater. She cares for the comforts and the welfare of the obscure girls of the theater, those who are noticed so little and who are paid so little in consequence. And she has so many sympathies and interests besides the stage. Literature, suffrage, club life—everything social and alive claims her. Whatever she plays at the Orpheum next week will be well worth seeing. In fact, if everyone goes to the Orpheum who should, Clarence Drown will be playing to the biggest business his attractive theater has ever known.

President Fred Elmer Wilcox

Pasadena has been honored by the selection of one of its leading citizens, Fred Elmer Wilcox, for the presidency of the California Club of Los Angeles. Fred is one of the most genial of men and is quite as popular in this city as in his home town, where the citizens delight to place him in positions of trust, when they can persuade him to accept them. He was long a valued member of the Pasadena school board, served on the library board and on several commissions. Down at the Bolsa Chica gun club Fred is a familiar and always welcomed figure.

Hercules Mulligan and His Descendants

I have been much interested in a letter in the New York Sun from M. J. O'Brien, historiographer of the American Irish Historical Society, in which he discusses the activities of Hercules Mulligan and John W. Mulligan, friends and supporters of Washington in the Revolutionary War, since these two men are, respectively, great-grandfather and grandfather of my friend Edward H. Mulligan of Pasadena, the able manager for the Edison company in the Crown City. They

were a daring lot, those early Mulligans. Hercules, who was a prominent New York merchant, was one of the moving spirits of the Sons of Liberty and a member of nearly all the revolutionary committees from 1777 to 1783. He occupied the important post of "confidential correspondent of Gen. Washington" and the leader of the armies showed his respect for the Irishman by breakfasting with him, when New York was evacuated by the British. John W. Mulligan, the son of Hercules, was the secretary to Baron Steuben and the German left his maps, charts and library to his young Irish secretary.

Why Not Judge Ross?

President Wilson could pay no greater compliment to California and the west and bestow no more merited reward for faithful service to the government than by appointing Judge Erskine M. Ross to fill the vacancy created on the supreme bench of the United States by the recent death of Joseph Rucker Lamar. Since 1886 Judge Ross has been on the federal bench, first as judge of the United States district court, then as United States circuit court judge and since 1912 has been on the United States circuit court of appeals. Judge Ross' democracy is of the old Virginia type—he was born at Bel Pre, Culpeper County. His legal ability has been proved by years of test and it would be difficult to find a man better qualified for the supreme court bench.

Bannings' Policy Announced

What a beneficent effect is produced in the policies of public service corporations by the use of a little justice in their treatment by government commissions has been well demonstrated by the announcement of the Banning Company's intention to rebuild Avalon, which followed so closely upon the ruling of the state railroad commission that the company is not charging an excessive fare between Avalon and San Pedro. Summer is not far away, however chill the days may be now, and it will, of course, not be possible to replace the Metropole before the season opens, but the Bannings, I understand, intend immediately to make such improvements as are necessary to allow Catalina to continue to take good care of its thousands of annual visitors. The wreckage from the disastrous fire is to be cleared away, the tent city rebuilt and a good cafe installed. Later, the famous old hotel probably will be rebuilt. This announcement seems to dispose of rumors that the company would move all its interests to the isthmus.

Editor Conner Writes "30"

If Samuel A. Conner could have had that power which so many men crave of choosing the manner in which death shall visit them, he could not have selected a more peaceful end than came to the veteran Democratic editor, who was found dead, sitting upright in the easy chair of his room in the old United States hotel, the last day of the old year. Sam Conner was a man of no ordinary ability, he was well grounded in political economy and history and was especially fitted for the position he held in the last years of his life as editor of the Jeffersonian, Joseph Mesmer's organ of the local Democracy. Mr. Conner was 74 years of age. He came early to politics and I venture to say that at least sixty of those well-informed years of his had been largely devoted to close following of the political affairs of the nation. He had no family and lived rather a lonesome life in the old quarter of the city, up near the Plaza, but his reputation as a writer and friends extended far beyond the confines of Los Angeles or of the state.

"Best Man" at Old Friend's Wedding

"Everyone finds old friends in Los Angeles" is so trite a truism that I hesitate to write it, forcibly as it has been impressed upon me this week by hearing that Oscar Farish was best man at the marriage of C. Percival Garratt to Miss Louise Pomeroy. Farish and Garratt were cronies in the early 90's at Knoxville, Tenn., where the former was a young business man and the latter was organist in the First Presbyterian Church. Prior to that they were friends when both lived in Winston, N. C. Neither had heard anything of the other until Garratt came here three years ago and found Oscar Farish one of the leading realty operators of the city. The friendship then renewed has become an even closer one than it was in the earlier days. Garratt is the talented organist at Tally's Broadway Theater, playing the great organ which is one of the finest in a motion picture house anywhere. He tells me it is surprising the number of capable young musicians who desire to work in motion picture houses but who do not have any comprehension of how to arrange programs to please their audiences. He is contemplating starting a class in movie theater musical instruction. Thirteen had no terrors for Mr. and Mrs. Garratt. Their marriage license was the thirteenth issued this year by the county clerk. I wish them all the happiness such fortitude deserves.

Native Daughter to Christen "Los Angeles"

To charming Miss Gertrude Orcutt, sixteen-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Warren Orcutt, has come the signal honor of being chosen to christen the Union Oil Company's new million-dollar tank ship "Los Angeles," which is to be launched at the Union Iron Works plant in San Francisco, January 15. There is a pretty bit of sentiment about the selection of the charming Marlborough school-girl to give the big tanker its name, since she is herself a native daughter of Los Angeles and one of the most popular of the younger social set of the city whose name the vessel will share. Her father is one of the directors of the Union Oil Company. The launching is to be quite a function. All the directors and officials of the company, many with their families, expect to be present on the occasion and many social affairs are planned in San Francisco for the visitors.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

MONDAY morning at Clune's Auditorium box office single tickets will be placed on sale for all patrons for the season of grand opera to be given by La Scala Company, opening at Clune's January 17. Mail orders when accompanied by check will receive prompt attention. This season of two weeks, with sixteen performances covering eleven operas, will be the best balanced and most thoroughly enjoyable vocally, histrionically and scenically, ever presented in Los Angeles. The principals have been assembled from the Buenos Ayres Opera, the Chicago and Metropolitan organizations. The chorus, it is announced, will be capable of singing and will be worth looking at. The orchestra is so vital a part of an operatic season that the management has given special attention to its formation, engaging Chevalier F. Guerrieri, one of the most brilliant of Italian conductors, as leader. The season will be opened January 17 with Alice Gentle in "Carmen." Gentle is a singer of compelling beauty and as the Bizet heroine her acting has all the spontaneity, all the vividness and passion of inspiration and temperament. Tuesday evening, January 18, the trump card of the season will be played in the person of Alice Nielsen as Gilda in "Rigoletto." This gifted American girl has had, perhaps, the most varied career of any singer on the grand opera stage today. She is a native of Nashville, Tenn., but while she was still a child her parents moved to San Francisco, where her musical education was started. Beginning a career in her teens at the famous Tivoli, she joined the Bostonians as a prima donna and in a short time, so popular had she become, she was at the head of her own company, touring this country. Taking her organization to Europe she decided at the close of the continental engagement to devote herself to grand opera, relinquishing the fame and fortune that were hers already and beginning again as a student. After study to gain a reputation, her debut was made in Italy, which was immediately followed by an engagement at Covent Garden, London, where she appeared with Destinn, Caruso and Melba in "Don Giovanni." Her successes gained her a contract with the Metropolitan, where for several years she has been one of the favorite prima donnas. Wednesday evening, January 19, will introduce still another star, Rosina Zotti, in "Mme. Butterfly." Thursday matinee will be popular prices, with Lina Reggiani, one of the favorite Italian prima donnas of the Buenos Ayres Opera Company, as Gilda in "Rigoletto"; Thursday evening Nielsen will appear as Mimi in "La Boheme"; Friday "Carmen" will be repeated; Saturday matinee Nielsen will appear again in "La Boheme," and the week will close with an all star performance of "Il Trovatore." The second week's repertoire will be as well balanced as the first.

Emilio de Gogorza, the distinguished American baritone, will return to Los Angeles next week after a four years' absence. He will be heard in recital at Trinity next Tuesday evening and again the afternoon of Saturday, January 15. The programs for each appearance are different and include, French, Spanish, German, Old English and American compositions of the most representative writers. Possessed of a rarely beautiful voice, De Gogorza's fine musicianship permits him to create atmosphere in all the songs he includes on his programs. The individuality with which he invests every song, bringing it as a perfect gem to the auditor, makes him one of the thoroughly enjoyable artists of the age. His season this year will cover the principal cities of the United States. Student rates are offered for these two recitals. The Tuesday night program will be as follows: Air de Thoas, "Iphigenie en Tauride," Gluck; Air du Deserteur, "Je ne desertei jamais," Montsigny; Es blinkt der Thau, Rubinstein; Feldeinsamkeit, Brahms; Cecile, Strauss; Three Spanish Songs—La Partida, F. M. Alvarez; De Aquella Maja Amante, E. Granados; El tra la la y el punteado, E. Granados; On the Seashore

of Endless Worlds, and When I Bring You Colour'd Toys, J. Alden Carpenter; Sally in Our Alley, Seventeenth Century; Why So Pale and Wan? Cyril Scott; Mother o' Mine, F. Tours; To Anthea, J. L. Hatton; Lied Maritime, Vincent d'Indy; Lever d'Aube, Guy Ropartz; Chevaux de Bois (Ariettes oubliées), and Voici que la Printemps, Debussy.

Saturday afternoon De Gogorza will give these selections: Where'er You Walk, Handel; Serenade (from "Don Giovanni"), Mozart; Recit. et Air ("Iphigenie en Aulide") Diane Impiyoable, Gluck; Meneut d'Exaudet, J. B. Weckerlin; Premier Dance, J. Massenet; Le Plongeur, Widor; Spanish Songs—Canto del Presidiario, F. M. Alvarez; La Paloma, S. Yradier, and En Calesa, F. M. Alvarez; Arioso, "La Roi de Lahore," Massenet; Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes, Old English; The Cock Shall Crow, J. Alden Carpenter; Wind Song, J. H. Rogers; The Fiddler of Dooney, Sidney Homer; The Pipes of Pan, Edward Elgar; Aria, "Largo al Factotum" (from "Barber of Seville"), Rossini—by request.

Saturday evening, January 15, the second popular concert by the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra will be given at Trinity Auditorium. Mrs. Marie B. Tiffany, one of the most popular sopranos in the west is to appear as soloist. Since returning from Paris a year or more ago, Mrs. Tiffany has made but few appearances before large audiences and this will be her premier with the Symphony under the baton of Adolf Tandler. Mrs. Tiffany is of Norwegian parentage so her interest in the works of the great Norwegian composer, Grieg, is well founded and her numbers for this program will be "Solveig's Lied," "Ein Traume," and "In a Boat," all by that composer. Among the numbers announced for the orchestra program are two selections by the young Los Angeles composer, Alexander Karnbach, whose "Serenade" and "Miniature for Strings" will be especially interesting. Mr. Karnbach is a member of the Tandler quartette, as well as of the orchestra, and is a pianist of high attainments. The popular program will open with the overture, "The Bartered Bride," Smetana. Stanford's "Irish Rhapsody" and Chabrier's "Marche Joyeuse" will be played and Antonio Raimondi, a member of the orchestra, will be heard in solo, playing Weber's concerto for clarinet. Tickets will be placed on sale for this concert Monday at Trinity box office and will be at popular prices. The next pair of symphony concerts by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will be given at Trinity Auditorium Friday afternoon, January 21 and Saturday evening, January 22, with Sigmund Beel, concert master of the orchestra, as soloist. Mr. Beel will play the "Symphonie Esquino" by Lalo for violin solo with orchestral accompaniment. The Symphony for these two concerts will be the Sibelius I in E minor.

Since the death of Theodor Leschetitzky there has been a great deal written about the man, his musical connections and his success as a teacher. Indeed, he was a notable figure and was made so largely by the success of a number of his pupils. Yet, with all the prominence achieved by the Paderewskis and the Zeislers, there were many hundreds in all these seventy years of teaching—thousands, perhaps—who achieved no prominence. They did not have the rare combination of essentials which go to make up the great artist. When one has great pupils one may turn out great performers. And Leschetitzky had the finest lot of pupils a teacher ever had. But if fate had presented him with no more talented youngsters than fall to the lot of the average teacher, the world never would have heard of Leschetitzky. He was preeminently a teacher of artists, and a teacher of teachers. Only when one had reached the advanced stages of artistry, however, could one come under his hands; for so great was the call on his time that he had a number of preparatory teachers, under whom the aspirants for his instruction had to pass. A teacher of artists, such artists as Ignace Paderewski, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Katherine Goodson, Edwin

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Hughes, Eleanor Spencer, and a hundred other prominent pianists and a thousand other teachers; these were his results.

Many persons the world around, profess to impart "the Leschetitzky method." One would think the Vienna teacher had a mill through which he ground all his pupils alike. And yet this is a great mistake. Leschetitzky, doubtless, had his favorite studies, exercises, remedies for faults; but as to having a distinct and rigid method, he did not. Because of his prominence and success, many an unscrupulous teacher baited his trap with the word, "Leschetitzky method,"—a bait for those whom ordinary common sense would not attract. Doubtless, the greatest American Leschetitzky pupil was Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler. This is what she has to say about that same "method." "In the five years I was with Leschetitzky he made it plain that he had no fixed method. Like every good teacher, he studied the individuality of each pupil. He practically had a different method for each student. He had certain pet exercises, but it was the painful persistence more than the exercises that did the work. Leschetitzky was a great force by virtue of his tremendously interesting personality and his qualities as an artist. He was a never ending source of inspiration. Leschetitzky's assistants published books of exercises, but they did not constitute a 'method.' Leschetitzky, himself, laughed when anyone spoke of his 'method,' or 'system.'"

James Huncker in the N. Y. Times says of Leschetitzky: "He knew why Chopin complained of a pain in the back near the neck after he had played much, and not in his wrist or fingers—the action of the triceps muscles, then a secret to most pedagogues. He studied each individual hand as he studied each temperament. That was the secret of his success. You might stand yourself on your head in Liszt's presence, so little did he care about piano technique—He took it for granted—but not so with Leschetitzky. All his pupils have a firm seat in the saddle, if I may employ again a sporting phrase. Strictly speaking, he had no method; rather, his method varied with the idiosyncrasies of each pupil."

In America, an opera company must pay its way. In Europe it may not have to do so. Here, the opera expenses and profits come from the sale of tickets. In Europe a considerable slice of the expenses is met by a subsidy from the state or municipality. The result of this condition is that the price of tickets is much lower than in America. In Germany one can get a fairly good seat to the best opera for fifty cents. In America the same would cost \$1.00 or more. The unmusical German, Frenchman or Italian, pays taxes that the musical person may have his opera cheaper. But the result is that the nation as a whole is more musical and more artistic. Inasmuch as opera must pay its own way, in this country the opera producer must make a choice of those operas which will draw the largest audiences. And so it comes that "Carmen" and "Rigoletto" and "La Boheme" and "Aida" and a few others become the staples of operatic repertoire. It may be that the old opera attendants will not wax enthusiastic over a rehearsing of these operas, but there is always a public to which these are unhackneyed and a large public with dollars in its hands.

And at any rate, where do you get a more representative opera than "Carmen" when all is said and done? It has a story, it has a virile personality, it

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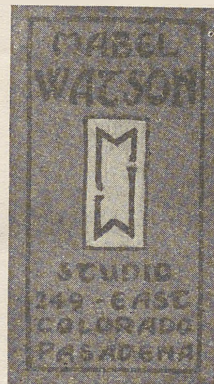
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has tune, it has clever orchestration, it has life, movement and lively ensemble. What more would you? "Lucia" is kept alive by the sextet. "Rigoletto" by two or three arias and a quartet. "La Boheme" is made by its beautiful melodies and harmonies rather than by dramatic interest; and "Aida" lives by its glittering ensembles. It is a sad and state-ly pleasure, a somberly intellectual joy that one gets out of several of Wagner's operas. The long tirades of the gods in their salacious adventures become wearisome in spite of the rich orchestration. These metaphysical and theological experiments already are being "cut" to human powers of endurance. "Lohengrin" and "The Meistersingers" are the two of Wagner's works which are more really operas, but the latter requires more of singers and orchestra than the average company can give, so it seldom is heard off the metropolitan stages. And so, to sum it all up, "Carmen" is as good a representative as could be chosen to open a season, for it includes more features of general attractiveness. And here's wishing the tuneful opera of Bizet all success when it opens the Behymer season at the Temple Auditorium, January 17, by the La Scala Opera Company. It is to be hoped the company may climb a ladder (scala) of success and satisfaction.

Los Angeles has recently lost two of her leading violinists. Arnold Krauss has moved to San Diego, which city was in need of a first class violinist and Ralph Wylie has gone to New York, I am told. Mr. Krauss however, will pass the first two days of each week here, teaching at his daughter's residence, 1957 Lovelace Ave. Mr. Krauss for sixteen years was leading violinist of the symphony orchestra and was heard with that body and in recitals each year, as well as conducting the Krauss string quartet.

Every once in a while the old fetish of Italianized names bobs up anew, though nearly all of the great artists have discarded the idea. Recently, I noticed that an Iowa woman, known in her own village as Jessie Strubel, was querading in Chicago as "Jessica Strubelli." What's in a name?

Last Saturday afternoon and evening the Dominant Club kept "open house" at the Ebell Club building. The Gamut Club members were invited.

Annual meeting of the Gamut Club will take place at the club house next Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. The reports for the year will be heard and new policies presented for action by the club, as well as officers elected.

Friday, January 21 the Friday Morning Club will give a program of local compositions from the pens of Mrs. M. L. Botsford, Fannie Dillon, Grace Adele Freebey, Gertrude Ross, John David Beal, Waldo F. Chase, Frank H. Colby, Theodor Gordohn, Homer Grunn, Morton F. Mason, C. E. Pemberton and Vernon Spencer. The composers will assist in the performance of their music. Tuesday, January 11 at 10:30, Vernon Spencer will give the club a lecture on "The National Spirit" in music.

Emilio de Gogorza will sing in the Philharmonic courses of concerts at Trinity Auditorium, January 11 and 15. Of the baritones, he is a prime favorite in Los Angeles.

Symphony Orchestra has a fine program for the next popular concert January 15. Mrs. Tiffany and Mr. Raimondi will be soloists and the orchestra numbers include the Smetana "Bartered Bride" overture, the Stanford "Irish Rhapsody," Chabrier's "Marche Joyeuse" and two string numbers by Alexander Karnbach, a local violinist. This is the equal of a symphony program without the ponderosity of a symphony.

Florencio Constantino will go to Buenos Aires for an opera season in the spring. He owns a theater in one of the cities adjacent to the capital of Argentine. But theaters there like those of the United States are having a rather precarious season.

Lester Donahoe has "broken into" high society in New York—that is to say multimillionaire society. He played at a musical at the Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt residence recently.

Charles Wakefield Cadman has bought a home on North Ardmore avenue, and he and his mother will take up their residence there in a few weeks. Mr. Cadman will receive a hearty welcome in Los

Angeles, where he is a prime favorite irrespective of the popularity of his music in the musical colony.

Miss Audrey St. Clair Creighton, the talented daughter of Mrs. William St. Clair Creighton of Valencia street was one of the soloists at the vaudeville performance last evening given by the Daughters of the British Empire, Florence Nightingale Chapter, at the Women's Clubhouse, 940 South Figueroa street. Miss Creighton, who is one of the pupils of Mrs. Thilo Becker, gave a number of violin selections.

SHOULD STOP ECONOMIC WASTE

OPPPOSED as The Graphic is to the economic waste contemplated by the city in paralleling the equipment of the distributing systems of the three local electrical companies it is interesting to note the reasons cited by the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corporation why it cannot consider the city's proposal to purchase a portion of its properties in the Hollywood district. In a letter addressed to Boyle Workman, chairman of the committee on extensions of the board of public service commissions, the quasi-public utility company has this to say:

"Replying to your letters of December 2 and December 18, 1915, referring to the proposed sale to the city of Los Angeles of certain portions of the electric distributing system of this corporation, we are obliged to say that we are unable to sell these properties because we have neither the power nor the right to do so. By the terms of several trust deeds, all of the property of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation is conveyed in trust to trustees as security to the holders of the bonds issued by it and its predecessors. The covenants of one of these trust deeds are such that the corporation must maintain and operate the plants and properties mortgaged, must preserve good and indefeasible title to it, must not diminish or impair the value of it by any action or nonaction on the part of the corporation, and cannot convey to others, even with the consent of the trustees, any of the mortgaged property used in the conduct of its business.

"In another of the trust deeds the covenants are even stronger in language and present insurmountable obstacles to any sale of the property mortgaged, excepting as a whole, and subject to the mortgage. The trust deed of the Los Angeles Electric Company, the original corporation operating what is now the electric generating plant and distributing system of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation, has no provision whatever for any sale of the property mortgaged, and confers no power whatever upon the trustees to consent to any sale of it. In addition to the foregoing, it must be remembered that the bonds of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company and the bonds of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation are secured by, not only its properties devoted to the manufacture and distribution of gas, but by these electric properties.

"It is evident that, even if the trustees under these various trust deeds were empowered to sell, or to authorize the sale of, any portion of the electric system, the results of such a severance would entail great and almost incalculable damage to the corporation's remaining interests, both gas and electric. It is for these reasons and others that the officers of this corporation and the trustees, before referred to, find themselves unable to sell the properties mentioned in your letter.

"In this connection it will be appropriate to suggest that, considering the duties and obligations which the law, the courts and the state railroad commission place upon public utility companies in regard to the character and extent of the service which they must furnish, such companies have no legal or moral right to sell portions of their plants or to cripple their efficiency by lessening the extensiveness of their distributing systems.

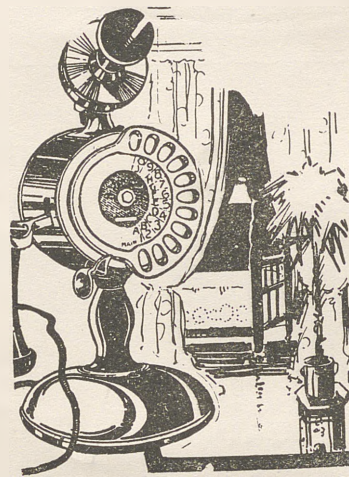
"It is with some delicacy, but with firm conviction, that we urge in addition to the foregoing reasons why we cannot sell, the further reason that there is no need of such a sale by us nor of such a purchase by the city of Los Angeles. We believe the following statements cannot be successfully refuted, viz:

"(1). That the city of Los Angeles is today furnished with as good an electric service as in any city and at lower rates than prevail in any large city. There has never been any complaint as to the character of the service and none, by

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any who have knowledge concerning rates in other large cities, as to the cost of the service.

"(2). That this great city has been, not theoretically, but actually and very materially assisted in its growth by the companies which have furnished and do now furnish the electric current which made and makes such a widespread city of homes possible.

"(3). That these companies did not seize upon an existing business created by another, but on the contrary, they created it themselves by the expenditure of large sums of money, by the exercise of careful and expert management, and by a constant supervision by men who have had years of practical experience in the electric business.

"(4). That there are three large electric companies in the city today thoroughly organized, with their corps of employees well disciplined, trained and capable of carrying on the necessary operations in the business without friction, without confusion and in the most economical manner possible.

"In the light of these facts why should the city of Los Angeles make the expensive and unnecessary experiment of competing with these companies? It is certain that the price of electric current will not be advantageously affected by it and that it is not necessary in order to dispose of the current generated by the city, because all of it can be handled at an immediate profit to the city, on these companies' distributing systems.

"The city of Los Angeles has immediate need that capital should be invested in advancing its commercial interests, but it cannot expect that such capital will be planted here if its investors realize the probability of being ultimately deprived of the fair fruits of their efforts in the manner in which it is proposed to deprive these electric companies of the fruits of their labor and experience. The time is now here when the solid business men of the city should, in their own interests, openly and frankly say, in the light of these facts, if it is their conception of the manner in which invested capital should be, and is hereafter to be, treated in the city of Los Angeles, that, after the creation, organization and up-building of a great business has been accomplished, there should be found hovering over it all, the shadow of the city ready to seize it for its own use. In addition it must be remembered that such seizure is not merely for the city's own use, but avowedly for profit.

"We desire to say in conclusion that there is no forceful reason whatever which can be advanced to an excessively overtaxed people in favor of an expensive competing distributing system of

the city, placing an additional forest of poles along the streets, as against the proposition of a distribution of the electric energy produced by the city, means of the companies' lines, under the regulation of the railroad commission of the state as to what rates the companies shall charge."

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
Dec. 13, 1915.

Non-Coal 016197
Notice is hereby given that Frank H. Thew, of 1352 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., who, on August 20, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 016197, for E½ NW¼, and W¼ NE¼, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9 a. m., on the 26th day of January, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Andrew Humphrey, Hal Vaughan, both of Cornell, Calif.; Laura A. McLellen, of 5437 Sierra Vista St., Los Angeles, Calif.; B. O. Thew, of 1352 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
Dec. 17, 1915.

Non-Coal 014849
Notice is hereby given that Alfred L. Smith, of Cornell, Calif., who, on Febr. 16, 1915, made Homestead Entry, No. 014849, for NE¼ of SW¼, NW¼ SE¼, Section 7, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 9:00 o'clock A. M., on the 2nd day of Febr. 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Wallace Thompson, of Cornell, Calif.; Nathan Wise, of 1900 Echo Park Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; George E. Darling, of Cornell, Calif.; J. M. Bodle, of Cornell, Calif.
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

No withdrawals.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Non-Coal 026783
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
Nov. 12, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Alice Elizabeth Bailey whose post-office address is Cornell, California, did, on the 12th day of June, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 026783, to purchase the NE¼ NE¼, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, One Hundred, the stone estimated at \$60, and the land \$40; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of January, 1916, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE,

Cheaters

THERE are few actors on the American stage who could lend to the portrayal of the leading character in that exotic dramatic offering, "The Typhoon," which is one of Walker Whiteside's vehicles at the Mason this week, the verisimilitude which that talented man imports to it. Not afraid to repel those who have come with the desire to admire him, glorying in the sinister air of inscrutability which he exudes, Whiteside embodies the popular conception of the Oriental. This conception, founded on the expressed premise that the fifty million people of Japan are possessed of but the one idea of working together to have their nation rule the world, is, to many, absurdly improbable, but it affords excellent dramatic material. "The Typhoon" cannot be said to be a play

Lilian Cavanagh is an admirable Illona Kerner, jealous, passionate, pleading with eyes heavy with love for the embrace of Tokeramo; cold, hard-faced, taunting when she has subdued his sense of duty and proved she is more to him than his oath to his ruler. There is another quite unusual characterization in "The Typhoon," that of an earlier slave of the woman's wiles, an artist, Ernest Lindner, which Leonard Mudie portrays with forcefulness and evidence of a real comprehension of its possibilities. He would revenge himself upon the Japanese who has killed his former affinity, but he cannot come wholly to hate this fellow-victim. These three earn so much well deserved honor that the work of the excellent supporting company is prone to be overlooked. Stephen Wright



MARY SHAW, ONE OF THE BIG ATTRACTIONS AT THE ORPHEUM

"with a grip." It is, perhaps because of the strange atmosphere it succeeds so well in producing, of tense, sustained, dramatic impulse throughout. Nor is Tokeramo, its leading character—hero would be a misnomer—merely a piece of clever impersonation. As played by Walker Whiteside he is always a Japanese, especially when he murders the woman he loves, thereby committing "the deadly sin of losing his self-control." "The Typhoon" has been seen in Los Angeles before—it created a marked sensation on its last previous visit, but it is a play which well may be seen to advantage a second time. Dramatically, its only fault is that it embraces too much. Opposed to the central idea of the sacrifice by Tokeramo of his love, even his life, that he may complete the work he has sworn to do for his Mikado, is a superb drawing of the soul of a certain sort of woman who is always discussed with fascination—the woman who must conquer or be conquered and who, having conquered, loses desire to hold. Lil-

ian Cavanagh is particularly good as an elderly Japanese, the impersonation of the calculating wisdom of his race.

In "The Melting Pot," which he gave at two performances Wednesday and is to repeat this evening, Whiteside has a vehicle which allows his wonderful voice an opportunity it is denied in "The Typhoon," but which, otherwise, is hardly so fine a dramatic medium for his peculiar talents nor for those of his fascinating leading woman, Lilian Cavanagh. In this well-known Zangwill play, Whiteside loses none of his splendid chances to impress upon Americans the real meaning of their country as seen by the strangers who approach it in high hopes and long-cherished ambitions. He knows the uses of the vocal chords of tenderness as well as does David Warfield and in making more restrained use of the knowledge shows, perhaps, the better artistry. But "The Melting Pot," excellent play that it is, is hardly likely to live in the memories of those seeing it

La Scala GRAND OPERA COMPANY

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Manager

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S. M. Berry and L. E. Behymer, Tour Managers;
Chevalier F. Guerriere, Conductor, Presenting

ALICE NIELSON, GUEST
STAR

PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO METROPOLITAN, CHICAGO AND BOSTON GRAND OPERA CO'S
ALICE GENTLE, Rosina Zotti, Lina Reggiani, Claude Albright, G. Vogliotti,
B. Dadoni, M. Rodolfi, B. Corallo and other distinguished artists.

"Carmen" With ALICE GENTLE
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Monday and Friday Eves.

"Rigoletto" With ALICE NIELSEN or LINA
REGGIANNI as GILDA

Tue. Eve., Thurs. Mat.

"Madame Butterfly" With ROSINI ZOTTI
as CHO-CHO-SAN

Wednesday Eve.

"La Boheme" With ALICE NIELSEN
as MIMI

Thu. Eve. and Sat. Mat.

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as AZUCENA

Saturday Evening

OPENING

Monday Evening, January 17th

FOR A SEASON OF TWO WEEKS ONLY

—The Second Week's Repertoire will include: "Love Tales of Hoffman,"
"La Tosca," "Lucia," "Mme. Butterfly," "The Secret of Susanne" and "Caval-
leria Rusticana."

Box Office Now Open.—Lower Floor, \$2.00 and \$1.50. Balcony, \$1.50 and \$1.00.
Second Balcony, 75c. Gallery, 50c.

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Between 5th & 6th

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Best Photo Plays

J. A. Quinn announces

Clara Kimball Young

In

"CAMILLE"

A Photo Play of Extraordinary Beauty and Power, Opening Monday, Jan. 10

MASON OPERA HOUSE

WEEK STARTING MONDAY
JANUARY 10

THE BIG SCREAM OF THE AGE,

"It Pays to Advertise"

Company the Same Which Played the Geo. M. Cohan Theater, New York
Prices: Nights 50c to \$2; Popular Wed. Mat., Best Seats \$1; Sat. Mat. 25c-\$1.50.

TRINITY AUDITORIUM GRAND AT
NINTH

L. E. BEHYMER
Manager

TUESDAY EVE., JAN. 11th

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EMILIO de GOGORZA

Favorite Baritone

(Each program entirely different)

Tickets 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00

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BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, JANUARY 9

Oliver Morosco Stock Company in

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"

With Florence Rockwell and All-Star Cast

Prices—Nights, 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
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THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

Every Night at 8, 10-25-75c. Boxes \$1.

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BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, JANUARY 10

ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW

Direction Mr. Martin Beck

MAJESTIC THEATER

TRIANGLE PLAYS

Week Beginning Monday, January 10

De Wolf Hopper in "Don Quixote"

From the Fine Arts Studio

and Two Mack Sennett comedies

SAM BERNARD in "THE GREAT PEARL TANGLE"

and "FATTY and MABEL ADRIFT"

Box Office open 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Prices 35c, 25c and 10c. Loges 50c

as will the uncanny "Typhoon," nor is it probable that it will ever become so closely associated with the name of Walker Whiteside.

R. O. F.

Diverting Bill at the Orpheum

About the scores of imitations of Eddie Foy with which the vaudeville stage is afflicted there is a remarkable thing. They are all alike as peas in a pod, even that done by one of the talented Foy brood fitting in exactly with the pattern, but not one of them is so much like Eddie Foy, himself, as it is like its companions in the world of impersonations. Eddie, in person, is at the Orpheum this week to prove it. He is the same reliable mirth provoker as of old, but more the proud father than usual. Instead of using the seven little Foy's merely as scenery he gives them the biggest portion of his act, seeming to delight in appearing merely as the foil for much of their clever work. Having done his duty by the race, Eddie is now doing his duty by his profession and so thoroughly training his offspring that the time will come, doubtless, when there will be eight Foy acts touring the country, for

oriental sword dance by Miss Wood that is vibrant with the spell of the east. The Cansinos, Eduardo and Elisa, repeat the Spanish dances with which they fascinated last week. Mme. Donald-Ayer, prima donna of the Boston Grand Opera, captivates her audiences by her wonderful voice. She confines her selections largely to songs in English. Special attention seems to focus on Nonette, the singing violinist, because of the recent public announcement that she is soon to become the bride of a prominent local attorney. Nonette's voice is pleasing, but it does not compare with the witchery of her violin. Laura Nelson Hall and her excellent company give the strong little sketch, "Demi-Tasse," which they presented last week, and two other holdovers are the Leightons and Eddie and Birdie Conrad.

Offerings on the Screen

WHEN one sees her in such a role as Molly O in "The Foundling," it is not hard to understand the tremendous popularity of Mary Pickford. This picture, which will be shown at Woodley's theater next week, provides



GROUP OF PRINCIPALS IN "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE," AT THE MASON

the appeal of Father Foy seems never to grow less and he should continue to delight with his husky voice and contagious smile for many years to come. Seldom has a better all 'round vaudeville bill been presented than that at the Orpheum this week. Artistically, the most pleasing numbers are two

a role which suits her better than anything in which she has been seen since "In the Bishop's Carriage." The story—a cross between "The Music Master" and "Merely Mary Ann"—is a simple and sweet exposition of the life of a little girl. Motherless and deserted by her father, she is turned over to an institution, where she is the ever present friend of all the wee kiddies. Time passes and the little girl is "rescued" from the institution to become a drudge for a and vicious boarding house mistress. Meanwhile, her father, an artist, has discovered that something vital is lacking—his work is devoid of inspiration—and he feels that he must find his little daughter before he can rise to the heights to which he aspires. There is nothing out of the ordinary in the story, in fact, it is rather commonplace than otherwise; but there is a plaintive wistfulness and charm in the portrayal of the little girl by Mary Pickford that lifts it out of the ruck. The scenes in the orphanage strike an intensely human note. One follows the little waif through all her troubles with unwavering sympathy and delights in her final restoration to her father. There are many little touches that will endear "The Foundling" to all this fetching artist's admirers and make many new ones for her; it is best described as a sweetly-attractive picture. Edward Martindell is seen as the father and plays the part exceedingly well.

Of all the photo plays which have come from the studio of D. W. Griffith,

WOODLEY THEATRE

838 So. Bdwy.—Phones A 3456, Bdwy. 83

Shows Begin 11, 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, 9:30.

ONE WEEK ONLY. BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 10

The Famous Players Superlative Star

MARY PICKFORD

In Her Latest Paramount Triumph

"THE FOUNDLING"

Following Week MARGUERITE CLARK in MICE AND MEN
Excellent Orchestra and Pipe Organ Music



D. W. Griffith and Mack Sennett

announce the

Re-Opening of the Burbank Theatre

SATURDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 15, WITH

Great Photo Play Productions

TALLY'S
Broadway
Theatre

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Week of Monday, Jan. 10th

HOUSE PETERS

in

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"

Produced in the Grand Canyon of Arizona

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Photoplays

Shows at 11, 12:45, 2:30, 4:15,
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One Week Only Starting Monday. Richard Mansfield's Greatest Stage Success
"A Parisian Romance" With the Noted Character Actor H. COOPER CLIFFE
as BARON CHEVRIL "Censor of feminine loveliness"
Added attraction: First run "Hearst-Vitagraph News Pictorial"

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Bdwy. at 8th

Mats. 10c, 15c
Nights 10c, 15c, 20c

Seth D. Perkins, Manager
Starting Sunday Jan. 2

CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN FOUR REEL COMEDY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN TWO REEL REVIEW

it seems to me that of "Don Quixote" is the most praiseworthy. This film version of Cervantes' story in which De Wolf Hopper is appearing at the Majestic this week, is a pictorial triumph. The picture does not follow the book closely; but tells a story of wonderful smoothness and continuity, presented in settings of exquisite beauty. In the course of a speech from the stage after the first showing of this picture, Mr. Hopper said that he hated to leave Quixote—he had grown to love him so. Small wonder. One could not well help loving the man he made him. I believe this film portrayal of the demented knight will take rank as the most artistic achievement of De Wolf Hopper's career. His Quixote is a whimsical and pathetic figure; a great, hulking carcass with the soul of a poet; brave and timid, ferocious and gentle. Even in his most boisterous comedy there is a touch of pathos. And what a delight it is to find such comedy in a photo play, so vastly different from what one has been led to expect. Truly, great things are being accomplished on the screen. I have never seen anything more impressive than the death scene in this picture. There is not a single false move. It is the epitome of art—tender, beautiful and devoid of the unnatural. I can remember only one other occasion when Mr. Hopper has approached the excellence of his performance of "Don Quixote," that was when he appeared in "Julius Caesar" at a Lambs' Gambol, some years ago. Mr. Edward Dillon, who directed it, may flatter himself that the motion picture industry has taken a long step forward with the Triangle production of "Don Quixote." "The Submarine Pirate," another of the new type of Mack Sennett comedies, follows the Hopper pictures and demonstrates again that the life of a film comedian is no sinecure. To furnish laughs for the picture fans the United States Navy was called on and the actions of the submarine are not only amusing but exceedingly instructive.

M. D.

From Screen and Stage

It is rather reversing the order of things to find grand opera driving out motion pictures. Yet that is what is happening at the Temple Auditorium where the season of grand opera to be given under the direction of Impresario Behymer will, for a time, displace Mr. Clune's photo plays. On the other hand we find the motion picture magnates taking possession of the well-beloved Burbank, so long the keystone of dramatic offerings in Los Angeles.

Why is it that directors, who are sticklers for things as they should be

on the dramatic stage, fall from grace when they tackle motion picture productions? A screen production recently shown here dealt with things operatic. The director has numberless stage successes to his credit and in each of them his attention to detail was largely responsible for their success. Yet in this motion picture we find him sending a young woman to a great impresario to have her voice tried. A rehearsal is in progress, and shows the various opera stars working in costume, "Mephistophiles," "Aida," "Lohengrin," et al, are all rehearsing together. The young woman seats herself at the piano, an upright, and sings into the music rack. The impresario stands at her shoulder and after a few bars have been sung decides that here is a voice which will fill any auditorium and proclaims her the greatest prima donna of history. It is hard to see how Mr. Director could have gone further out of his way to make this scene unreal. Not even photo-play license can excuse it.

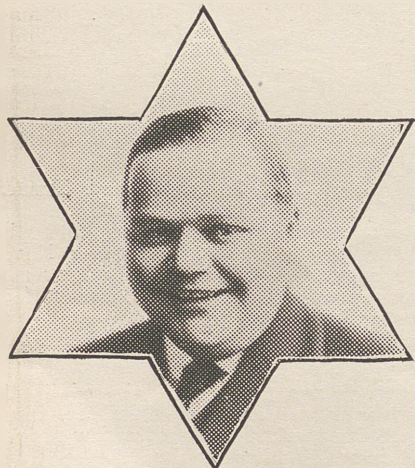
Again, in another picture run off here within the last few weeks, the director shows one of the most beautiful moonlight effects ever disclosed on a screen. The soft light of the moon over the water is indescribably effective. A young woman, in her bed room, goes to her window to gaze at the beautiful night. She raises the sash and a blinding brilliant light, more dazzling than the tropical sun at mid-day, pours in. The whole scene is ruined by lack of attention to detail—and this is a film whose greatest asset is its artistic handling.

Next week the famous old Burbank will be dark, while a horde of workmen swarm over its insides making improvements that will cost thousands of dollars. Next Saturday night D. W. Griffith and Mack Sennett will re-open it to the public with great photo play productions. It is the intention of the Triangle to conduct this theater on the same plan as the Majestic, offering the superb type of film dramas that are proving so popular there. The Burbank will be strictly a first run house.

Entertaining Farce at Mason

Although "It Pays to Advertise," Cohan and Harris' production of the farce by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett which comes to the Mason next week, opening Monday evening, is about soap, it manages to get a good laugh out of talcum powder. Mention is made in the play that everyone knew a certain brand of powder because there was a picture on the label of "the homeliest man in the world." The play concerns the commercial adventures of the son

(Continued on page thirteen)



Roscoe Arbuckle, at the Majestic

dancing turns, one of which holds over from last week, but which could continue to charm for many weeks to come, if the management so willed. The other is a ballet divertissement given by Swan Wood and eight girls from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It is a colorful bit, containing an unusual

Social & Personal

NOTABLE among the society events of the season and of interest to a wide circle of friends was the wedding Wednesday evening of Miss Eleanor Hamlin of Pasadena and Mr. Emory H. Rogers of Santa Monica and Los Angeles. The ceremony which culminated a pretty romance took place at the home of the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. E. W. Halliday, 2146 West Adams street. The young couple had intended to keep their engagement secret until Mr. Rogers had finished his course at the University of California, but upon his return to Los Angeles for the Christmas vacation his charming fiancée was persuaded to decide upon an earlier date for the marriage. The young bride is the daughter of Mrs. C. C. Hamlin of North Euclid avenue Pasadena and Mr. Rogers is the son of Mrs. Harry Matson Gorham of Santa Monica. Both are exceedingly popular in the younger set. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles E. Spaulding of Coronado in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. The wedding music was rendered by Mr. S. R. Valenza, a harpist of the Symphony orchestra. The bride was daintily attired in a charming frock of white taffeta with overdraperies of chiffon embroidered in silver. Her veil of tulle was caught with orange blossoms and she carried a white prayer book. Miss Constance Rogers, sister of the bridegroom, was the maid of honor, wearing a gown of pink chiffon and carrying pink blossoms. Mr. Stan Bryan of San Francisco, served Mr. Rogers as best man. Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served. Mr. Rogers and his bride will make their home temporarily in Berkeley where Mr. Rogers will finish his college course. He is a member of the '17 class and is a member also of the Beta Theta Phi fraternity. The families of the young couple are among the best known in Southern California, and both Mr. Rogers and his young bride are popular in the younger set of Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake of South Hoover street are planning to give a brilliant dancing party at their home the evening of February 14, St. Valentine's Day. The affair will be in compliment to Miss Phila Miller, the charming young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Miller of Pasadena. The party will be a costume affair, suggestive of the occasion. Miss Miller, was a member of the bridal party at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Drake's daughter, Miss Daphne Drake, and Mr. Sayre Macneil, son of Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil of South Figueroa street. Since the return of Mr. and Mrs. Sayre Macneil they have been making their home temporarily with Mr. and Mrs. Drake. Their own attractive home at Ardmore and Fourth avenues will not be ready for their occupancy until April.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny of Chester Place entertained Wednesday night in compliment to Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, who is leaving for the east, where she will visit with Captain and Mrs. Harlow of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Harlow will be remembered here as Mrs. Walter Newhall, who before her marriage to Captain Harlow was one of Los Angeles' most popular and charming society leaders. The dinner given Wednesday evening was most artistically appointed, the decorations being extremely beautiful with the choice of the Doheny hothouse blossoms. About thirty-five guests enjoyed the evening, these including the most intimate friends of the guest of honor, which comprised Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Sayre Macneil, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Adams, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Stack, Mr. and Mrs. Jov Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. John Milner, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Anson Lisk, Mr. Clinton K. Judy, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, Jr. The latter presided over the dinner party in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Doheny, Sr., who were, unexpectedly called away at the last minute. Following the dinner an especially interesting

entertainment feature was introduced in the showing of the moving picture film, "Peggy" starring Billie Burke. The screen was erected for the occasion in the great hall of the home.

Enjoyable among the vacation affairs given for the members of the younger set home from college for the Christmas season, was the tea-dance at which Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner presided Tuesday. The affair was in honor of Mr. Hancock Banning, Jr., who left Thursday for Cornell University to resume his studies. Mrs. Miner was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. Montague Ward and Mrs. Sayre Macneil. About thirty guests were invited for the afternoon.

Miss Eleanor Banning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning and Miss Katherine Banning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Banning will enjoy several weeks' visit in the east, the greater part of their time to be passed in Washington, where they have many friends. The young women will make the trip in company with their uncle, Captain William Banning. Miss Helen Goodall of San Francisco who has been a house guest of the Bannings for several weeks will visit with the William Van Dykes before returning to her home in the north.

Miss Eleanor Workman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boyle Workman, will be hostess next Wednesday evening at a delightful affair given at the Los Angeles Country Club.

Announcement has been made by Judge and Mrs. George R. Davis of 400 North Madison avenue, Pasadena, of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence Davis, to Mr. Harvey Wendall Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Smith, formerly of Madison avenue, Pasadena. The secret of the engagement was told New Year's Day at a dinner given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Gosney of Altadena by the Misses Lois and Gladys Gosney, classmates of the young bride-elect at Mills College. No date is set for the wedding, although it will probably be an event of the summer, following Miss Davis' completion of her studies at Mills College. Mr. Smith is at present engaged in the citrus business in Porterville. The engagement culminates a pretty romance which began when the young couple were neighbors.

Especially interesting among the affairs of the week was the announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. George L. Lovejoy of 1302 North Hobart boulevard of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Beulah Lolita Lovejoy, to Mr. Clarence B. Osborne, son of Captain and Mrs. H. Z. Osborne of 401 West Twenty-third street. The young couple have many friends here to whom the announcement of their engagement is of much interest. Mr. Osborne, who is a graduate of Stanford University in the class of 1908, has already achieved success as a mining engineer and geologist. The marriage will take place in February, and Mr. Osborne and his bride will make their home in Sacramento, where he has made his home since his appointment as chief geologist of the California Highway Commission, which was made upon the recommendation of former President John C. Branner of Stanford University.

In compliment to Mrs. Paul Jerome Pitner, a recent bride, whose marriage in New York City last month was of interest to a wide circle of friends, Miss Ina Pitner is entertaining today with a daintily appointed tea. The affair is being given at the home of the hostess, 40 St. James Park. Mr. and Mrs. Pitner are making their home at 392 Canyon Drive, Pasadena, where they will receive their friends. Mrs. Pitner before her marriage was Miss Ruby Hortense Chapin.

Interesting news to members of the younger set is the announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Forrester of 2245 West Eighth street of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Luella Forrester to Mr. George Pelton, son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Pelton of 234 Bellefontaine, the picturesque old French place just off of Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena. Miss Forrester, who is the niece of Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery Mc-

J. W. ROBINSON CO.

SEVENTH AND GRAND



Our January Sale of Under-Muslins

Now in Full Swing

and we can say without violating the truth one bit that a collection of nicer, daintier, better made wearables has never before been shown over the Robinson Store's counters.

GOWNS, ENVELOPE CHEMISE, SKIRTS, CORSET COVERS DRAWERS AND COMBINATIONS

\$1.25 to \$1.75 Garments	95c	\$2.00 to \$2.50 Garments	\$1.45
\$2.75 to \$3.50 Garments	\$1.95	\$3.50 to \$5.00 Garments	\$2.95

And Scores of Higher Priced Garments at Half

Then there are tables piled high with CREPE DE CHINE GARMENTS in either flesh color or white, beautifully trimmed.

Petticoats and Envelope Chemise, former- ly \$2.95 to \$5.00	\$2.45	Gowns, Chemise, Petticoats and Combina- tions	\$3.95
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THIRD FLOOR

Carthy, is one of the most popular members of the younger set, and was graduated recently from the Westlake School for Girls. Mr. Pelton, who is a member of the Midwick and other local clubs, is prominent in the business circles of Los Angeles and also is interested in mining in Nevada. No date for the wedding has been set as yet, but the event will undoubtedly be one of the brilliant social affairs of the early spring.

Mrs. Benjamin Johnson and her young daughter, Miss Dorothy Johnson, left last week for the north for a short visit with the former's son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant and Mrs. Hugh Brown. Mrs. Brown, who is a recent bride, was Mrs. Estelle Johnson Ryan before her marriage, and her advent into the navy circles is being made the motif of a number of delightful social affairs, including a large reception given Thursday by the wife of the commander at Mare Island.

Most brilliant among the ultra society events of the season will be the stunning Spanish ball to be given at the Hotel del Coronado the evening of January 29. Under the directions of Mr. William Ramsay Heberhart, the genial host of the hotel, plans for the ball are practically completed, and the affair promises to be of great resplendence. In every detail the appointments are to be in Spanish, color effects and costumes lending to the brilliancy of the affair. Already the members of the younger set are rehearsing for the Spanish dances, La Sevillanas and the Spanish tango. A chorus of young men will be featured as an opening part of the entertainment and an aria from the opera "Carmen," together with the famous tореador song will be sung by well known artists. In fact, the entertainment program will be made a special feature of the Spanish ball. Many Los Angeles society folk are rehearsing for the Spanish dances, event, and any number of week-end parties are being formed to motor down to Coronado for the ball, which undoubtedly will eclipse any similar event of its kind ever given at the famous hostelry, which is the objective of society folk from all over the world.

Mrs. Nat Wilshire was hostess Monday at a small luncheon given at the Alexandria. Her guests included Mrs. Robert A. Rowan, Mrs. Freeman Ford, Mrs. Marie Reed and Mrs. Harry Robinson.

One of the enjoyable affairs of the week was the dinner-dance given at the Los Angeles Country Club Wednesday evening, the hostesses upon this occasion being Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs.

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W. A. Clark, Jr., Mrs. William May Garland and Mrs. Eugene McLaughlin. The former three hostesses entertained at dinner in compliment to Miss Eleanor Banning, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, who is being delightfully feted this season. About fifty members of the younger set were invited, later joining in the dancing.

Mrs. G. Wiley Wells entertained with in informal bridge dinner at the Darby in West Adams street Thursday evening, her guests being Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. Wells Smith and Mrs. Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner of West Washington street left a few days ago for Coronado where they will be the guests of Mrs. Carpenter Nave, who has in company with Mrs. Florence Marmon taken a cottage for a few months. Mr. and Mrs. Turner will pass the week end at this popular beach resort.

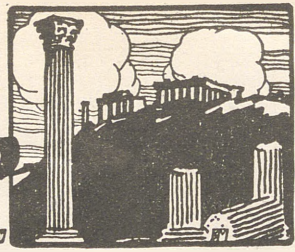
Mrs. James Calhoun Drake of South Hoover street and her daughter, Mrs. Sayre Macneal, a bride of a few weeks and formerly Miss Daphne Drake, were at home informally to their friends last Wednesday and will receive informally each Wednesday of this month. No cards will be issued.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman entertained Tuesday evening with an informal affair in compliment to Miss Nonette Lysle and her fiancé, former

(Continued on page 11)



Art

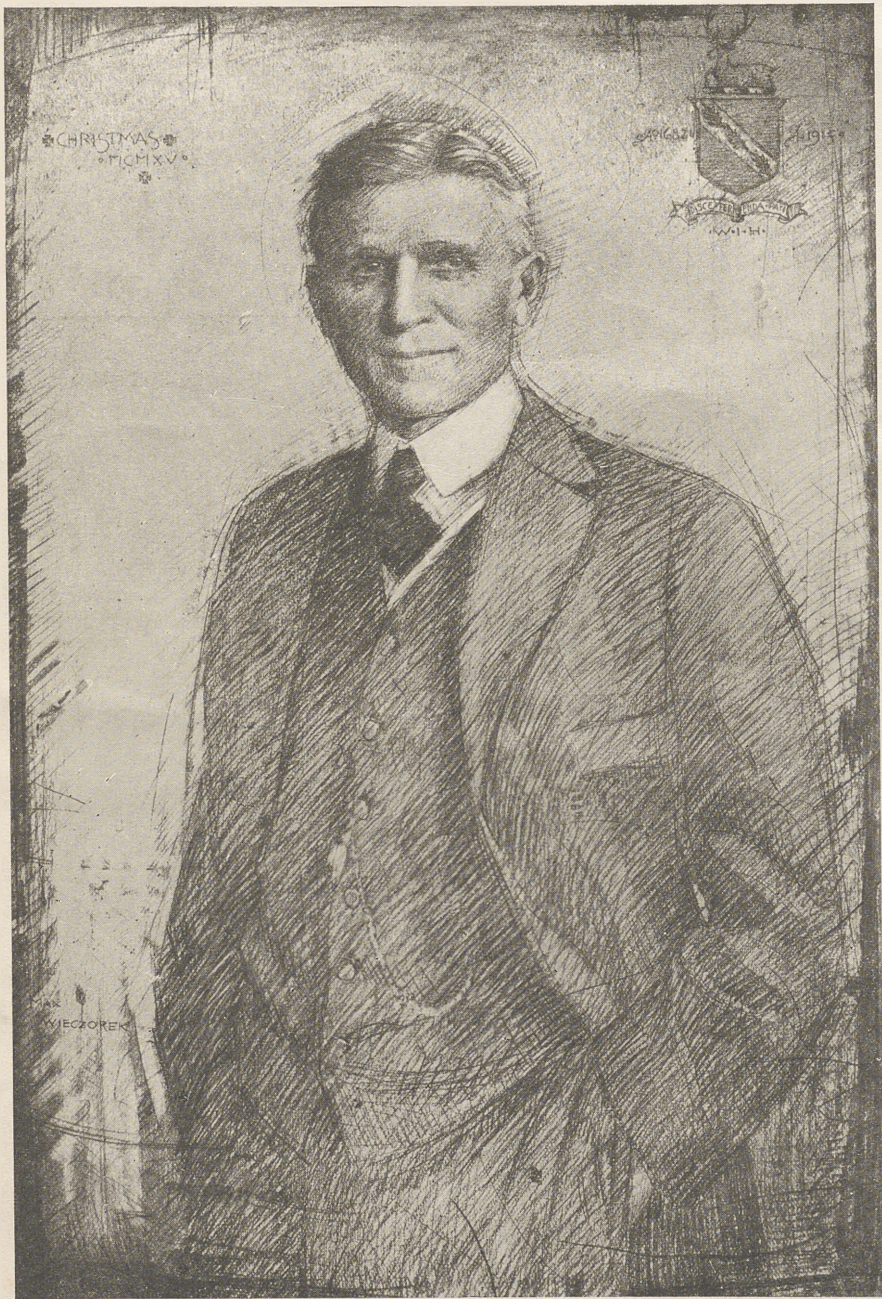


By Mary N. DuBois

THURSDAY afternoon the often announced exhibition of Japanese prints from the collection of Mr. N. J. Sargent was opened for view in the main gallery in the museum at Exposition Park, for two weeks. This is, perhaps, one of the most interesting collections to be shown to the public in Los Angeles for some time and it is greatly to be hoped that art lovers, students and all lovers of beauty may not miss the opportunity of seeing these examples of Japanese art which have had so tremendous an influence upon present day European and American art. Good Japanese prints are rare and expensive. So highly are they appreciated that it is well-nigh impossible to buy them in Japan, and the most important French collections are owned and guarded by the government. The casual observer may think them only "odd" or "queer," but to the lover of line and color they will prove a joy. One must forego light

of color, has been pressed upon the white surface to form a subtle and elusive design.

Look at the paper itself. Such paper is not to be found today for love or money. In the old days the maker of paper in Japan took as much pride in his work as did his brother in China who turned out a perfect and wonderful piece of porcelain. But, alas, other customs, other manners, other times in old Japan hold sway today and the cheap and hideous modern print, soaked in crude aniline dyes, is being turned out upon a weary and much suffering public. The wonderful art of color printing will never, can never be revived in Japan. That doughty if small country has been forced by that very civilization which she has been obliged to embrace lest she perish utterly as a nation, to forswear things artistic, if not forever, at least temporarily. And even if a new era in block printing should arise in Japan, the method of approach, the very structure of the modern Japanese mind



PORTRAIT OF MR. W. I. HOLLINGSWORTH, BY MAX WEICZOREK

and shade, and in a measure perspective, but one does not miss them in the loveliness of line and the sheer delight of color.

The process of making color prints is too well known to warrant repetition here in these days when wood-block printing has become a fad. But one cannot pass by the wonderful printers of far Japan who carried out so understandingly the plan of the artist. May we not also call them masters of their particular craft? Notice, if you can get near enough, the wonderful shading of one color into the next, the cunning differences in tone gained by lighter or stronger pressure of the block on the paper, or see where the block, guiltless

would preclude the possibility of such wonderful artistic and poetic results as these old masters attained.

Max Weiczorek, who is by temperament and talent one of the best equipped portrait painters of the west, is holding an exhibition of his recent work at the Hotel Huntington. It opened with the beginning of the hotel's season, Thursday, and the paintings will remain in place the remainder of the month. Mr. Weiczorek's portrait of Mr. W. I. Hollingsworth is one of his most notable recent achievements, the artist having succeeded in a remarkable degree in catching a likeness of the well-known capitalist as he really is.

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Miss Anna B. Orton, Principal.
Fair Oaks 696.

Social and Personal

(Continued from page 10)

Judge Willis Morrison. About a dozen friends were invited in for the charmingly appointed supper which was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rodman in Orchard avenue. Monday evening Judge Morrison was host at a box party given at the Orpheum, where his attractive fiancée, a talented violinist, is playing an engagement.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Buckius of 907 West Eighteenth street of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Hazel Adele Buckius to Mr. Lawrence H. Rogers, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Rogers, 115 South St. Andrews. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Braun and daughter, Miss June Braun, are planning to go to Coronado the latter part of the month. They will be guests at the Hotel del Coronado for the week-end, when the eagerly anticipated Spanish ball is to be given, January 29.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cravens of Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena, have as their house guest Mr. George Meyers Church, of Princeton University, and famed as a tennis star. Mr. Church, who plans to remain until January 15, had the distinction of defeating Richard Norris Williams, II., former United States tennis champion. At the time of their match Mr. Church was United States intercollegiate tennis champion.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Greene of 956 Arapahoe street have announced the engagement of their daughter Sophia to Mr. Jack Jacob Leff of Bakersfield. The announcement was made at a New Year's eve party when there gathered about the prettily decorated tables the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Greene, Mrs. and Mrs. S. Korngut, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Korngut, Mr. Joseph L. Greene and Mr. Robert Greene. The date for the wedding has not been set.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30804
In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the matter of the estate of D. W. Kirkland, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor and executrix of the last will and testament of D. W. Kirkland, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased or said estate, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor and executrix at the offices of Messrs. Gray, Barker & Bowen, attorneys at law, 1029 Title Insurance Building, in the city of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, state of California, which is hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said county.
Dated this 11th day of December, 1915, (being the date of the first publication hereof.)

MARY CATHARINE KENNEDY,
H. O. TROWBRIDGE,
Executors of the last will and testament of D. W. Kirkland, Deceased.
Gray, Barker & Bowen and Delger Trowbridge, Attorneys for Executors.

Books

TELLING in a delightful way of a pleasant trip in a row boat through the canals and canalized rivers from St. Malo to Brest, Mrs. Lewis Chase has added an interesting and readable volume to the extensive literature on travel in France. Though comparison with the "Inland Voyage" would seem obvious and unavoidable, Mrs. Chase has escaped from imitation, and the reader of "A Vagabond Voyage through Brittany" never once feels that the same ideas or expressions have been used by R. L. S. This author has a style all her own, and the beauties of Brittany's little-visited inland waterways are described in an interesting way. Mrs. Chase and her husband bought a boat at Dinan, and though discouraged by many a shake of the head of experienced boatmen who assured them that they would never reach their destination, bravely set out on their voyage. Their experiences were many and varied, they met people of all sorts, at times suffered discomfort, but, on the whole, thoroughly enjoyed their adventure. They regretted the termination of their trip, and one who reads the account of Mrs. Chase will, too, be sorry that the distance through the strange land of the Bretons is so short. The author makes no effort to relate history; her interest is not in museums of antiquity. Rather, she tells of the people of the present, their habits, customs, eccentricities and everyday life. He who expects to find learned dissertations of the Bretons of long ago will be disappointed for, except as present manners of life reflect those of the past, he will find no record. But the reader who wishes to know how these people live who, in the main, have refused to accept French civilization and have maintained their own speech and other peculiarities, will find an interesting and worthwhile account. Besides being an entertaining writer, Mrs. Chase is a skillful and artistic photographer, so that the volume contains dozens of views which will make anyone desire to follow in the footsteps of these delightful vagabonds. ("A Vagabond Voyage through Brittany." By Mrs. Lewis Chase. J. B. Lippincott Co. Bullock's.)

From a Lover's Pen

Probably the nearest approach to mysticism in "The Love Letters of a Mystic" by Alma Newton, is the recital of the astral visitation of the fictitious writer to the lady of his dreams so naively told, unless the somewhat Dante-like attitude in the earlier stages of his courtship by mail can be so regarded. Under disappointment the "mystic" threatens "to go to the devil" just like other ordinary men have been known to do. There are several pleasing pictures of Capri and the vicinity, and sublimated discussions of rather feminine tone on the mating instinct. But under the title much more is to be expected. The collection is daintily bound in blue and a reading of it is as a vagrant breath of incense suggestive of its larger possibilities. ("The Love Letters of a Mystic." By Alma Newton. John Lane Co. Bullock's.)

Brave Little Hannah

What do life's great crises mean to the heart of the apparently stolid little foreigner of the poorer quarter? Who knows? Katherine Peabody Girling has drawn an appealing vignette of delicate, pathetic beauty in the story of "When Hannah Var Eight Year Old." The simple narrative of the Swedish sewing maid, relating the heroic death of her mother "vat couldn't to bring fear on her little child'n," and her own brave struggle "to keep care on de child'n dat dey don't cry," is full of quaint touches of universal human impulse that make it a little classic. ("When Hannah Var Eight Year Old." By Katherine Peabody Girling. Frederick A. Stokes Co. Bullock's.)

Rainy Day Story for Juveniles

"Jolly Jaunts With Jim" will take any small boy or girl through the fireplace whose flames they like to watch and on a series of surprising adventures which Charles Hanson Towne details in that sing-song verse which children enjoy.

H. Devitt Wilson supplies illustrations for the journey through flame-land to the palace where King Fireland makes merry. Fantasy and humor are delightfully mingled. It is the sort of book to read to the little ones before the fire on rainy days. ("Jolly Jaunts With Jim." Verses by Charles Hanson Towne. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

"Sadie Love"

If Avery Hopwood were not primarily a dramatist rather than a novelist, a reader of "Sadie Love," which is now presented in book form, would be inclined to think that this diverting story first took the form it assumes in the book and was later divided into acts and scenes, so little trace does it bear of being a dramatization, except in a certain compactness of incident. The story of "Sadie Love" is one which may well be termed ennui-proof. It is a moving tale of quite the most unusual, honeymoon of light literature, one in which not alone the bridal couple but the husband's former affinity takes part. It begins where most narratives stop, with a wedding, but it observes the conventions by giving us two lovers finally united in spite of the efforts of a wayward fate. It takes a considerable time for Sadie to determine whether she wants her husband for a husband or prefers another woman's spouse, and her perplexities develop several situations which were sufficiently risqué when the play was seen here to earn for it the title of "Shady Love." The point of the situations is well maintained in novel form but while there may be a few Sunday school libraries which will bar "Sadie Love" it contains nothing particularly likely to shock any reader of modern fiction and it has the merit of keeping interest at high pitch while the remarkable adventures of its characters are told. The illustrations are from photographs of the dramatized version that was produced at Morosco's Burbank Theater in Los Angeles. ("Sadie Love." By Avery Hopwood. John Lane Company. Bullock's.)

Brisk Story for Boys

"Chained Lightning" is a telegrapher's story, though it has to do with adventure rather than telegraphy. It recounts the experiences of two young men who go to Mexico to seek their fortunes, the period being, apparently, previous to the overthrow of organized government in the unhappy country. One of the youths befriends a dying bandit, and eases his last hours, being rewarded with the gift of a chart showing the location of a great treasure. Why the bandit, who had been conducting operations for many years, had not seen fit to take possession of this wealth for himself, is not clear. The young men follow the directions, and find a pocket gold mine, which yields many thousands of dollars' worth of metal, only after they have had thrilling experiences with bands of the marauders which infest the mountains. The tale itself is not half so good as the "travelogue" through which it is woven. In fact, the author himself, Ralph Graham Taber, speaks of the book as a travelogue in his introduction. His thumbnail sketches of places and characters are full of the color with which the country abounds. It is all told with the snappy, almost jerky style that one naturally expects of a man who has served his apprenticeship at the key. As a story for boys it has few superiors, for it is clean and brisk. Maturer minds might find it rather superficial and obvious. ("Chained Lightning." By Ralph Graham Taber. The Macmillan Co.)

Teaching of History

John Ruskin, a charming and suggestive writer, who cannot be too highly recommended for the use of young people, treats of the laws that govern poetry and painting in an opening chapter in one of the volumes of his "Modern Painters." He considers that there are three ideas which are behind all good work: ideas of fact, ideas of beauty, and ideas of relation. Poems and paintings, he says, must tell us something true, they must please us, and they must also suggest things to us and set us a-thinking. As imagination is the faculty of the mind that sets us thinking more than any other, drawing us out of ourselves

and carrying us away to the absent and the long past, it will come under the third class. Now, I put it first among the qualities of the mind for which history appealed. The fact is that poetry and history are not very far removed in their appeal. When Ruskin puts imagination last among the fundamentals of poetry, and I put it first among the fundamentals of history, it seems likely that poetry and history are very closely allied. Macaulay thought so when he wrote his "Lays of Ancient Rome." I mean real poetry, not mere rhyming doggerel, such as is often given to pupils so as to remember facts and dates. I have a dreadful little book of this kind in my library. J. M. D.

Cobb's Genial Humor

In "Speaking of Operations—" Irvin S. Cobb speaks of them with that tone of awe adopted by all the elect, albeit he endeavors modestly to hide his self-satisfied feeling of distinction under a mask of frivolity. This American humorist is never funnier than when he writes of human ills—"Cobb's Anatomy" was, despite its occasional raw spots, perhaps, his most humorous work and this little volume of his experiences with doctors is a worthy sequel. Cobb never imagined a more unexpected nor wittier simile than that in this small book where in telling how doctors and nurses kept coming into his room he says he "had as much privacy as a goldfish." ("Speaking of Operations—" By Irvin S. Cobb. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

"Neighbors"

Herbert Kaufman is an apostle of the obvious, but he is more successful than many in finding optimism obvious. In his little volume "Neighbours" he has brought together a few of those sermons which first saw the light of publicity in the daily prints. All human beings are neighbors, according to Kaufman, and he takes people of the street crowds and makes them individuals with living souls, the same flesh and blood and emotions as ourselves. The love of mankind shines out in the small volume in a way that might have been described as gripping, before that word lost its value through repetition in book advertisements. Kaufman is something of a poet in prose and "Neighbours" is fully up to his previous work. ("Neighbours." By Herbert Kaufman. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

Magazines for January

"Our Navy in the Event of War" is the title of an authoritative article by George v. L. Meyer in the January issue of the Yale Review. Mr. Meyer was secretary of the navy through the administration of President Taft. Other important contributions to the magazine are "The American Democratic Ideal" by Brooks Adams; "The Question of Preparedness" by Anson Phelps Stokes; "The Hope of the Great Community" by Josiah Royce; "Invading Alsace" by a French officer; "The War and the British Realms" by A. F. Pollard; "The Post-Impressionistic Revolt" by Huc-Mazelet Luquiens; "Four Scandinavian Feminists" by Hanna Astrup Larsen; "Swinburne and Carducci" by Beulah B. Amram; "Trials of an Old-Fashioned College Treasurer" by G. T. Ladd and a story, "The Hunter," by Gusia de Wit. Poems are "To My Country" by O. W. Firkens, "Eva Speaks" by Louis Untermeyer and "The Pasture Bars" by Henry A. Beers.

America as a new world arsenal is considered in an interesting article by French Strother in World's Work for January, which sets forth in text and picture the enormous growth of this business since the opening of the European war. Charles Wellington Furlong contributes "Morocco Has Entered the War" in which he treats of the history of recent international politics centering about that small North African country. Burton J. Hendrick continues his arraignment of the pork barrel system of government and W. Morton Fullerton has a second installment of "Italy and the Great War." George Marvin writes of "The New French Cabinet" and there are many other interesting contributions, in addition to the editorial comment and expert discussion of recent war strategy.

Winston Churchill has "A Plea for the American Tradition" in Harper's Magazine for January, in which he reaches the conclusion that "a nation with the conviction that all should have an equal chance, imbued with this volunteer, emulative spirit instilled by education and growing out of experience, cannot ultimately go wrong." Harrison Rhodes asks "Why is a Bostonian?" and then proceeds as well as may be to answer that intricate question. Richard

Saturday, January 15

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Le Gallienne writes as poetically as usual in a contribution entitled "An Adventure in Miniature." Mary E. Wilkins Freeman has an excellent story, "A Retreat to the Goal" and there is the usual high class collection of story, verse and description.

In the World of Amateur Sports

INTER-CLUB golf team matches for this season are on in earnest in the immediate vicinity of Los Angeles and the 1916 season may be said really to have started. Over a wet course, in exceedingly disagreeable weather, the Los Angeles Country Club team defeated the Orange County Country Club team Wednesday on the former's course. Orange succeeded in annexing but one match. Results of the match were as follows: Lawrence Cowing (4) of Los Angeles defeated S. Lee Collins (10) of Orange 6 and 4 in scratch and 4 and 2 in the handicap; P. H. Smith (10) of Los Angeles defeated E. H. Bramwell (14) of Orange 8 and 6 in scratch and 7 and 5 on handicap; Carl H. Knappe (8) of Los Angeles defeated Dr. Charles G. Twist (14), the Orange captain, 2 and 1 on scratch, but lost the handicap to Twist, 1 down; F. E. McMullen (12) of Los Angeles defeated George Shattuck (14) of Orange 6 and 5 scratch and 5 and 4 handicap, while H. H. Stone (12) of Los Angeles defeated R. E. Reid (16) of Orange 4 and 2 and 2 and 1. Despite the overwhelming nature of the defeat the Orange golfers retained their enthusiasm to the end and expressed confidence they would make a better showing against San Gabriel, which team they are playing today on the mission course. Virginia Country Club is playing at Annandale today and Midwick is at Altadena. Farther east Point Loma is playing at Redlands and Coronado is meeting the Victoria team at Riverside.

Today, if the weather is good, the qualifying round of the midwinter handicap tournament will be played at the Los Angeles Country Club. Eighteen holes will be covered and the sixty-four high players are to qualify. As the Virginia-Annandale team match is to be played this morning, the second round of the Annandale holiday tournament has been scheduled for this afternoon. It was postponed from New Year's day. Midwick Country Club will hold match play against bogey today, with a club cup offered for the best score. No event other than the team match with Orange is planned at San Gabriel.

Finals on Virginia Courts

Today, if the weather permits, the men's finals of the midwinter tournament of the Southern California Tennis Club will be played off on the Virginia courts. Rain prevented the completion of the scheduled matches last Saturday. Edwin E. McCormick and Eugene A. Warren, both of the University of Southern California, are the finalists in the men's singles. In the men's doubles settlement of the controversy appears afar off. Hahn and Barber vs. Erle and Clarence Barker were the teams left in the finals, but the first team was forced to return to Stanford before the finals could be played. A number of exhibition matches in singles and doubles for men and women are scheduled for this afternoon.

Riverside Wins Jessop Trophy

With combined scores for two games of 33 to 3 1/4 the Riverside polo team overwhelmed the Coronado aggregation and won the handsome Joseph Jessop polo trophy for 1916. Riverside took the first of the two games, New Year's, by the score of 16 to 2 and the second, played Monday, by 17 to 1 1/4. But the scores do not tell half the story. Individually, the Coronado players put up brilliant games but they had not practiced enough together to have anything faintly resembling team work. On paper the Coronado men looked to be the stronger. Le Boutillier was the most famous poloist engaged in the contests. New Year's day he played for the first time since he was injured last fall at Meadowbrook. The strain proved too great and he was out Monday, his place being taken by J. Langford Stack. Harrison, of the Coronado team, likewise, was in poor physical shape as he has hardly recovered from a fall at the Midwick field two weeks ago.

Eric Pedley, the youthful Riverside player, and Hugh Drury of that city were the sensations of the short tournament. Pedley plays an impetuous game, with all the ardor of youth, and with little regard to the safety of himself or anyone else. In one of the Coronado games he rode against the goal post with such force that he broke it off, yet seemed unconscious of what he had done, so intent was he on following the ball. Drury was the best point maker on either side. Following is the line-up and individual score of the first game: Coronado: No. 1, L. B. Harrison, 1

goal; No. 2, S. H. Velie, no goals; No. 3, Thomas LeBoutillier, 1 goal; Back, Major Colin G. Ross, no goals. Riverside: No. 1, Alvin Untermyer, 2 goals, penalty 1/2 goal; No. 2, Eric Pedley, 3 goals; No. 3, Hugh Drury, 8 goals; Back, Col. Max Fleishman, 4 goals, penalty 1/2 goal. Net totals, Coronado 2, Riverside 16.

Line-up and individual score of the second game were: Coronado: No. 1, J. L. Stack, no goals, penalty 1/4 goal; No. 2, L. B. Harrison, 1 goal; No. 3, S. H. Velie, no goals, penalty 1/2 goal; Back, Major Colin G. Ross, 1 goal. Riverside: No. 1, Eric Pedley, 6 goals; No. 2, Alvin Untermyer, 2 goals; No. 3, Hugh Drury, 7 goals; Back, Col. Max Fleishman, 2 goals. Net total, Coronado, 1 1/4; Riverside 17.

Lapham Wins at Del Monte

Roger D. Lapham of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club was the winner of the Del Monte mid-winter golf tournament, defeating Harold Mack of Beresford by 3 up and 2 to play. Lapham was forced to give his opponent an allowance of two but overtook him on the seventh and won on the sixteenth hole. Lapham reached the semi-finals in last year's state championship tournament and is playing even better golf at present. He was strong on driving and putting and his only noticeable weakness was with his iron and brassie shots.

Plays and Players

(Continued from Page 9.)

of the head of the soap trust and of the young man's success in bucking the trust, by means of advertising. It is said to be one of the funniest plays ever written and should play to good business here.

Morosco's New Opening Vehicle

Tomorrow afternoon the beautiful Morosco Theater, new home of the Oliver Morosco Stock Company, which formerly played at the Burbank, will have an auspicious opening when "Seven Keys to Baldpate" will be presented. This play was dramatized by George M. Cohan from Earl Derr Bigger's novel of the same name and is said to afford Florence Rockwell and the other Oliver Morosco players a clever vehicle. The scene of the comedy is at Baldpate Inn, a summer hotel atop of a lofty mountain. It is in the dead of winter when the caretaker and his wife make ready for a visitor they have been told is coming. It is this visitor and others who furnish the action for the lively plot. Edmund Lowe appears as a novelist, Florence Rockwell as a newspaper reporter, A. Bert Wesner as the hermit of Baldpate and the remainder of the company is well cast. It is doubtful if a cleverer play than "Seven Keys to Baldpate" could have been selected by Mr. Morosco with which to open the Morosco Theater as the home of the excellent stock company so long maintained in Los Angeles.

Orpheum Road Show Coming

Ideal vaudeville, as viewed by Martin Beck will be seen at the Orpheum next week, when the Orpheum Road Show will make its appearance, beginning next Monday afternoon. That great favorite in Los Angeles, Mary Shaw, Ibsen and Shaw interpreter, will be seen in "The Dickey Bird," reputed to be a dramatic playlet allowing Miss Shaw full opportunity to display her fine histrionic powers. Another of the headliners is Victor Morley with his company in "A Regular Army Man," a tabloid musical comedy. Other talented entertainers will be Stuart Barnes, monologist; Florrie Millership, formerly with Harry Fox, in songs and dances; the Crisps, English dancers; Freeman and Dunham in a piano patter act; and the holdovers, consisting of Mme. Donald-Ayer and Eddie Foy and the seven little Foyes.

"The Great Divide"

First of the personally selected offerings to be shown at Tally's theater, William Vaughan Moody's splendid drama "The Great Divide," will be offered to the public in film form Monday. This play of the east and west has been adapted for the screen by Anthony P. Kelley and the producers have handled their subject reverently. The exterior scenes were taken in and about the Grand Canyon and disclose photography and scenery of rare beauty and grandeur. The Lubins have supplied Ethel Clayton and House Peters with a supporting cast of unusual strength and nothing has

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been left undone that would add to the beauty and strength of the production. This picture will be reviewed at length in The Graphic next week.

Another Week of "Don Quixote"

It will be welcome news that the wonderful Griffith production of "Don Quixote" will be shown for another week at the Majestic theater. It has remained for this photo play to show De Wolf Hopper at his best and his first appearance film drama will rank as one of the greatest achievements of his long and distinguished career. For the re-



"A PARISIAN ROMANCE"
WILLIAM FOX PROGRAM

At Miller's Next Week

mainder of this week "The Submarine Pirate" will be continued. This is another of the astonishing new type of comedy offerings of Mack Sennett, and the resources of the United States Navy are taxed to furnish material for the funmakers. Next week, Sam Bernard in "The Great Pearl Tangle" and "Fatty and Mabel Adrift" will be the comedy offerings.

Charlie Chaplin at the Garrick

Charlie Chaplin is to reign supreme at the New Garrick Theater next week. He will be shown in a new four reel comedy and in addition there will be presented a two reel Charlie Chaplin review.

Camille at Quinn's

Following the last showings of Geraldine Farrar in "Temptation" a film version of "Camille" with Clara Kimball Young in the title role, comes to Quinn's Superba Monday. This famous drama should lend itself particularly well to screen presentation and the role of Marguerite Gautier should fit Clara

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Kimbal Young like a glove. She is one of the best artists appearing on the screen and it will be interesting to see her presentation of the famous Lady of the Camellias. Paul Capellani, late of the Comedie Francaise, will be seen as Armand.

Ambitious Dance Program Planned

"Le Ballet Classique" is the designation of another three-part dance program to be staged early in April by Chalmers Brooks Fithian, faculty instructor in dancing for Wallis School of Dramatic Art, as the result of the pronounced success of the recent dance revue presented at Gamut theater. Members of the coming ballet, which will number a hundred or more, are already being chosen and training is beginning. Nature rhythms, folk divertissements, a few modern dances and a two-act danse-drama, "Shearazade," a portrayal of Russian court intrigue, form the ambitious and attractive program planned by this indefatigable director, who also has charge of ballroom scenes for several of the local motion picture studios.

"So Long Letty" to Return

Oliver Morosco's popular combination of comedy and music, "So Long Letty" will play a single week at the Mason Opera House, opening January 23. Judged by its previous record here "So Long Letty" could run two months, but Mr. Morosco is determined to hurry the production east. Charlotte Greenwood, Sydney Grant, Walter Catlett, May Boley, Frances Cameron, Jack Henderson, Nella Wilson, Burrell Barbaretto, the Cameron sisters and a big beauty chorus comprise the cast.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30638
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary E. Crowell, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Crowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased or said estate to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the state of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the offices of Messrs. Gray, Barker & Bowen, attorneys at law, 1029 Title Insurance Building, in the city of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, state of California, which is hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said county.

Dated this 11th day of December, 1915 (being the date of the first publication hereof.)

UNION TRUST and SAVINGS BANK,
the last will and testament of Mary E. Crowell, deceased,
Executors of the Estate of Mary E. Crowell, deceased,
Gray, Barker & Bowen, Attorneys for

Stocks & Bonds

DESPITE a slight weakening and recedence of prices on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange this week, quotations which prevailed would have been regarded, three or four months ago, as remarkably high levels. Mines continued to dominate the market, though oils, also, were active. The softening of prices was in great measure due to profit-taking by speculators who purchased in the dull interval and who are not willing to carry securities now that investment levels have been reached by many of the better issues. Big Jim Mining, that sensational Oatman stock which was put on the local market six months ago at 9 cents, sold at \$1.30 last Monday, but subsequently fell off to figures close to a dollar, considerable selling being noticeable on the part of those who bought before the recent Big Jim ore strike and who proposed to take their profits while the demand was brisk. Dome Mining, a new Oatman issue, was given its first call on the local exchange Monday. Nearly 130,000 shares were sold at the prevailing figure of 12 cents. Sales in Dome continued good throughout the week, but a gain of only 1/4 cent was all that was recorded. Ivanhoe, Lucky Boy and Gold Range were all more or less active. Fessenden was firm at 22 cents.

In the oils, the same sloughing tendency was apparent in quotations. Associated fell away five points Wednesday and at this writing is standing at a little better than \$69. However, it must be remembered that last October the stock could be bought in good-sized blocks at \$40. Union continued to hover about \$80, the new high it recently made, after a consistent climb from \$50. Columbia Oil displayed strength, as did also Traders, Jade Oil and New Pennsylvania Petroleum.

Los Angeles Investment has been strong at 62-62 1/2 cents, but sales have been limited, owners apparently feeling that better times are ahead for this widely held stock. Home Telephone preferred was in demand at \$60 and common at \$22.50. Bank stocks and bonds have been practically dormant on the exchange, although the customary number of quiet sales in gilt-edge local bonds by brokers off-board were reported.

Banks and Bankers

J. A. Graves, vice-president of the Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank, has issued a New Year's greeting that is a model of graceful prose and which calls to the attention of readers with renewed forcefulness the blessings which this country enjoys through having peace. Mr. Graves ventures upon no predictions as to financial conditions in 1916.

Warning has been issued by the secret service of the United States against a new counterfeit \$10 note, which is declared to be such a poor specimen that it should be easily detected.

For the purpose of acting with the Los Angeles branch of the rating bureau, the following advisory committee has been appointed by the Los Angeles Casualty Association: Volney Howard, Frankfort General; E. C. Morrison, Maryland; W. E. Ward, Globe Indemnity; C. H. Dale, Guardian, and W. C. McConnell, State.

Mark T. McKee, secretary-treasurer of the National Council of Insurance Federation Executives, is to visit California late this month in the interests of the federation. A state-wide campaign for members is planned.

W. A. Wood has joined the Los Angeles agency department of the Occidental Life. He resigned January 1 from the West Coast San Francisco Life.

Stock and Bond Briefs

American Smelting and Refining Company whose operations in Mexico have been greatly hampered for several months, is making arrangements to reopen its smelter at Monterey as the first step in increasing its Mexican activities.

Operations of mines will be expanded. Northern Pacific Railway Company has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent, payable February 1 to holders of record January 7.

There is a rumor current in New York that the United States Steel Corporation will be placed on a 5 per cent basis this year and that, in addition, there will be declared an extra dividend of 1 per cent.

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company has declared the regular quarterly dividends of 1 1/2 per cent on common stock and 1 1/4 per cent on preferred.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Reo Motor Car Company, a stock dividend of 100 per cent was declared and the capital stock of the company was increased from \$4,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

Financial experts estimate that within the last sixteen months American securities to the par value of approximately \$1,500,000,000 which were foreign owned when the European war broke out have been absorbed in the United States. Not only has this enormous volume of domestic securities been brought back to this country, but the recent \$500,000,000 Anglo-French war loan has been virtually absorbed here. It is generally believed that the market value of the securities repurchased is considerably less than the par value.

Southern California Edison Company will pay its quarterly dividend of \$1.50 a share of preferred stock January 15.

Third dividend of 2 1/2 per cent on approved claims against the Lozier Motor Company is being paid by the Detroit Trust Company, making a total distribution of 12 1/2 per cent since the company went into the hands of a receiver.

Current School Notes

Miss Marian Kappes is organizing a special winter course in Dalcroze Rhythmic Gymnastics for children in Los Angeles. This course will begin about the middle of January and close the first of May. Prior to the opening of the course there will be a demonstration of the Dalcroze method at the Wilshire school.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

M. A. Schmidt found guilty of first degree murder in connection with dynamiting of Times building.

Jesuits plan quarter million dollar college in this city.

Supervisors to ask \$3,600,000 in bonds for flood control provisions.

John S. Mitchell nominated for president of Chamber of Commerce.

California

Legislature meets in special session to consider primary election laws.

Entire state visited by heavy rains.

Banning Company announces intention of rebuilding town of Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

United States

Hot debate in United States senate over neutrality of this country.

Pan-American Scientific Congress votes approval of Wilson's interpretation of Monroe doctrine.

Gov. Hunt of Arizona advocates annexation of Mexican territory as indemnity for killing of Americans.

Prohibition laws go into effect in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Colorado.

Foreign

United States consul lost in blowing up of liner Persia by submarine or mine.

Storm of protest in Great Britain when Asquith introduces modified conscription bill in parliament.

Russians claim considerable gains against Austrians.

Wild rumors circulated concerning health of Kaiser Wilhelm.

Hajji Baba

[Written on the fly leaf of a copy of "Hajji Baba of Ispahan" by James Morier, lent to the author by Henry S. O'Melveny, Esq.]

Hajji Baba, of Ispahan, Prince of rascals; nor Turk nor Jew, Christian Armenian, nor pirate crew On China's waters, nor brown Hindu, Working together in God's great plan, Craftily fleeing their fellow man— Can hold a rush-light dip to you, Hajji Baba, of Ispahan!

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GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

CATS are better fighters than dogs, if the result of the Pacific Mutual home office agency contest is to be accepted as a general rule. In the contest between two opposing factions of the force which works under John Newton Russell, Jr., held in the last two weeks of 1915, the Cats won by a margin of \$29,000 written business. As a result, they are to dine on Dogs, or at least on the Dogs, at a date and place to be selected later. Gen. R. A. Murray commanded the victorious felines and he had as subordinate commanders Col. Thomas F. Cantwell, Major Francis H. Beckett, Capt. M. W. Ludden and Lieut. George E. Meyer. Officers of the defeated army were Gen. George L. Bogue, Col. F. L. Scarrett, Major Robert A. Brown, Capt. W. Calvin Maxwell and Lieut. Frank W. Clark. December business of the home office agency amounted to \$822,000 and the total for the year reached the imposing figures of \$5,100,000.

So busy are fire insurance agents with their beginning of the year's business that it is improbable any January meeting of the Los Angeles Fire Underwriters' Association will be held. The governing committee has taken no steps as yet toward calling a meeting this month.

There was an insurance flavor to the annual banquet of the Riverside Business Men's Association, Wednesday evening. James L. Collins, assistant manager of the Los Angeles home office general agency of the Pacific Mutual, acted as toastmaster at the affair, and the principal address was delivered by Charles Warren Pickell, Detroit manager of the Massachusetts Mutual, who is a winter resident of Hollywood. He eschewed insurance in his remarks.

Aetna Life general agencies in Los Angeles and San Francisco have united to organize a "Hundred Thousand Dollar Club" for members of the agencies who write at least \$100,000 paid up business in the club year. The organization began its existence January 1. At the same time Irwin J. Muma, Los Angeles general agent, and E. H. L. Gregory, San Francisco general agent, started a three-month contest for a cash prize which they offer. In this contest business must be written, examined and paid for in the first three months of the year.

Commissioner Phelps has issued the forty-seventh annual insurance report for the state of California. The report shows there are fifty-seven California insurance companies licensed by the state, of which twenty-one are county mutuals; five fire and marine stock companies; eight legal reserve life companies; one assessment life company; six inter-insurance companies, and two fraternal insurance companies.

Dr. Frank G. Mason, chief adjuster of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, died in Chicago last month. Dr. Mason was connected with the Pacific Mutual for more than twenty years, the latter half of which period he gave his time exclusively to the adjustment of claims. In announcing his death the company says: "As an adjuster he achieved the greatest success, as he possessed a peculiar fitness for that office and gave the company most valuable service. As a man, Dr. Mason has those qualities of mind and heart which endeared him to all his associates and friends. In his passing the company has lost an able officer, and a wide circle of people a true and valued friend."

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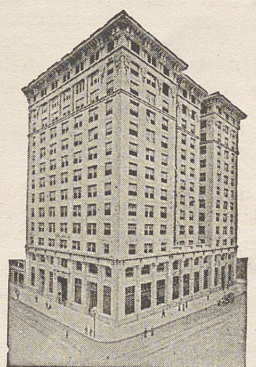
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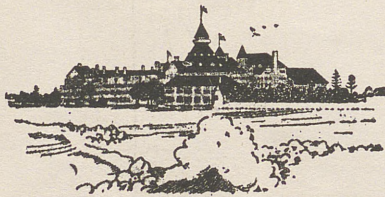
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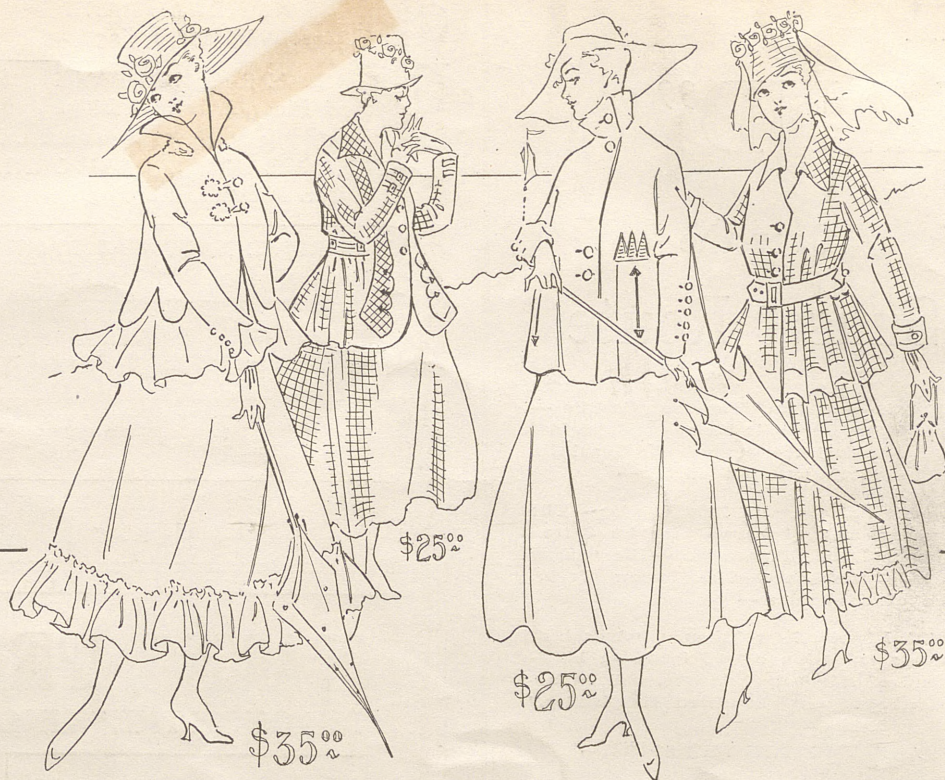
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